

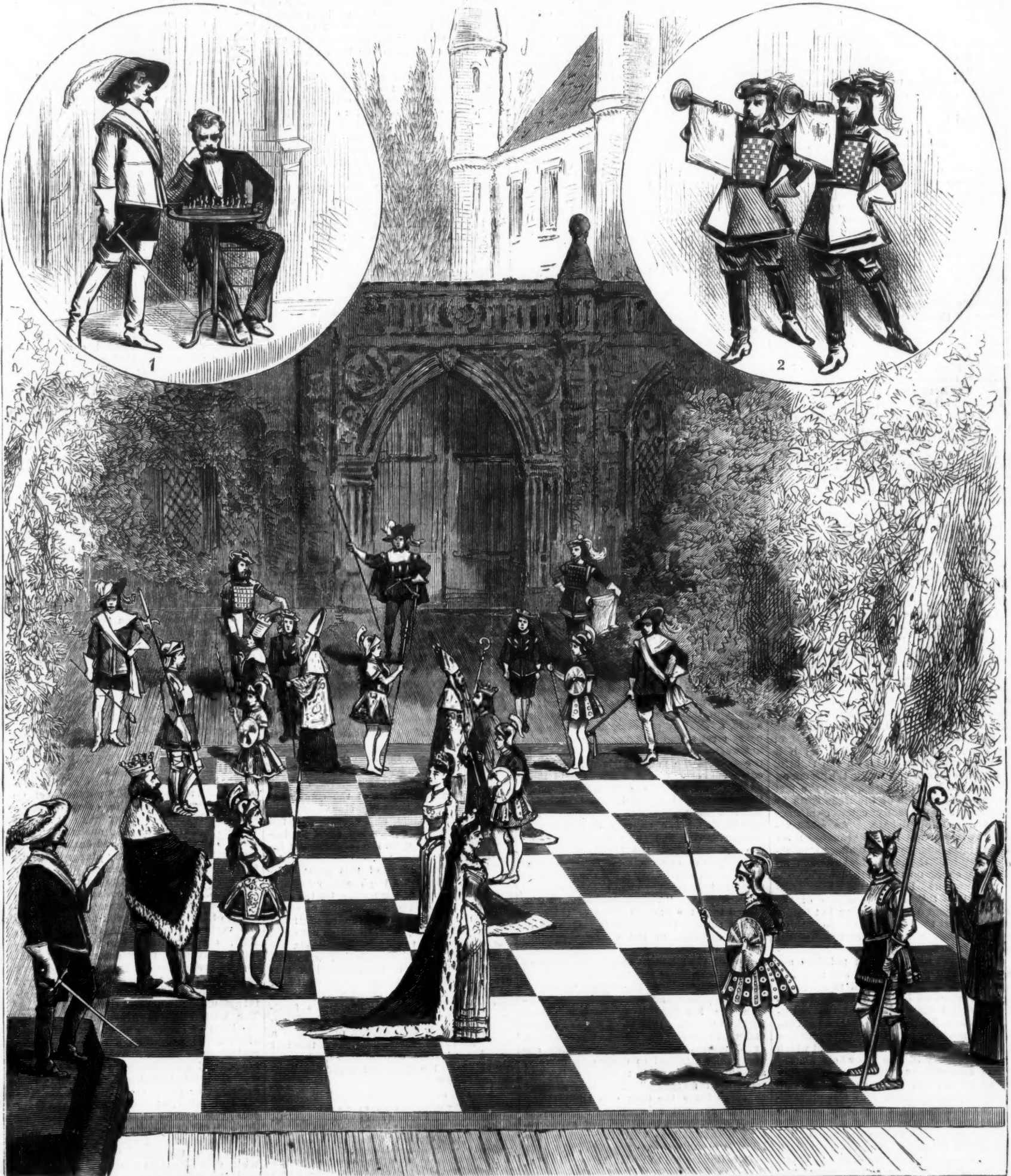
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. Captain Mackenzie studying a problem in the game.

2. The Heralds announcing the moves of the players.

3. General view of the board.

NEW YORK CITY.—CHESS WITH LIVING FIGURES—A NOVEL EXHIBITION BY THE MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, APRIL 10TH.

SEE PAGE 135.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK, MAY 3, 1879.

CAUTION.

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THE VETO POWER AND ITS RELATIONS.

HOWEVER inopportune and groundless may be the motive of the present agitation in Congress, it is gratifying to observe that the occasion has been seized for the resumption of parliamentary discussion and constitutional debate. By giving a free vent to discussion on the subjects now placed at issue before the country the Democrats may be said to have "built better than they knew" when, at the close of the last session, they threw out wide lines of circumvallation in the guise of besieging the Presidential stronghold, and of thereby coercing President Hayes into an act of capitulation to their mandates. The constitutional relations of the Legislative and Executive departments of the Government have been passed under review with a thoroughness which must have been instructive to large masses of the people, who, during the period of the late Civil War, had little taste and less opportunity for such discussions.

It is instructive, for instance, to observe that the conflicting attitude assumed respectively by the Republican and Democratic Parties on the constitutional questions now put in issue between them, is determined rather by the conceived exigencies of their present position than by the drift of the political ideas in which they have been nurtured. The Democratic Party, since the days of Jackson, has rejoiced in the Executive veto as one among the choicest flowers of the Presidential prerogative, and yet to-day the Democratic leaders are found inveighing against the possible exercise of that power in terms of opprobrium and menace borrowed from the exploded rhetoric of a past generation. The Republican Party, largely recruited as it was, at the date of its origin, from the adherents of the old Whig Party, and hence predisposed to share with the old Whigs in their hostility to the veto power, has made no secret of this hereditary hostility whenever that power has stood in the way of its wishes. A "corrupt use of the veto power" figured among the counts of the indictment formulated by the Republican majority of the House of Representatives in their impeachment of President Johnson, and the freedom with which that contumacious Executive "hurled defiance" at Congress in the shape of veto messages exposed him to constant animadversion at the hands of his Republican censors. Yet to-day the Republican Party is found contending in Congress for the largest liberty on the part of President Hayes in signifying his dissent from the pending legislation of the Democratic majority. And, as if it were not enough to maintain the rightful prerogative of the President in the premises, a few of the Republican leaders have met the unseemly menace of the Democrats by importing an unseemly counter-menace into the pending debate. As some incautious Democrats have discounted their future proceedings by threatening to "withhold supplies" if the President should interpose a check on their movements, so a few incautious Republicans have discounted the future deliberations of the President by not only predicting but boldly assuming that the President can do nothing less than answer the expectations of his political friends in Congress.

We need not say that such political assumptions and presumptions are as much out of place in the balanced relations of the Executive and Legislative departments as the revolutionary threats of the Democratic zealots. The free deliberations of Congress are not to be forestalled by the shadow of a veto cast before the coming event which is held to justify it. In the whole history of our Government there has been only one occasion when the menace of a veto was openly interpolated into the proceedings of Congress as a controlling force to give shape and pressure to a particular statute. We allude to the passage of the Confiscation Act in 1862, when Senator Clark of New Hampshire was "authorized" to say that President Lincoln had constitutional objections to a particular feature of the pending Bill, and when Senators avowed on the floor that they changed their views of

public policy in order to avoid a foreseen conflict with the Executive. However just and conclusive the objections of the President may have been, they were wrongly invoked in advance of their formal delivery, and Senator Preston King of New York did but speak in language worthy of a Senator when he exclaimed against such an indecorum as involving a gross derogation from the constitutional manner in which such communications should take place between independent and co-ordinate branches of the Government in the exercise of their respective powers.

It is equally violative of constitutional order and equally insulting to the just independence of the President, whether his political friends or his political opponents seek to eliminate from our civil system the honest, deliberate and unbiased opinion which the President is called by the Constitution to form on all new measures of legislation. When Senator Blaine proclaims, in the fervor of his oratory, that President Hayes, on being asked to sign the pending Appropriation Bills, with the political "riders" annexed, "should say, with all the scorn befitting his station, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'" that impulsive Republican statesman commits an indignity against the Presidential Chair and its incumbent no less gross than that of Mr. Beck, when, at the close of the last session of Congress, that impulsive Democrat threatened the Government with "starvation" if the President should presume to exercise his constitutional right in vetoing the Bills that came before him. Fortunately for President Hayes, he is known to preserve a large measure of serenity amid the smoke and stir of the political conflicts which are waged around him, and it is fortunate also for the country that he is little likely to be frightened from his propriety by the present crossfire of his friends and his adversaries in Congress.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

NIHILISM in Russia is becoming a terribly formidable menace to the safety of the Government. It permeates all ranks, defies all restraints, and every day grows more audacious and resolute. For seventeen years—ever since 1862—all the conspiracies and political prosecutions in that country have been connected with Nihilism, which may be said to have had its origin and gathered its chief stimulus from the despotic and cruel punishments imposed upon the liberal leaders in the revolution of 1825, and the conspiracy of 1848-9. The exile and banishment of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol, and other distinguished writers, only deepened the popular sympathy with their doctrines; the young men in the universities and public schools, resenting the espionage of the State, eagerly adopted the teachings of modern materialistic philosophy; and Vogt, Buchner, Fournier, Proudhon and Saint-Simon became the theological, philosophical and social idols of the more enlightened portion of the population. Since 1870 the Nihilists, or believers in nothing, have been especially aggressive. The young men have traversed the provinces, propagating the new ideas among the peasantry, presenting them with books and instigating them to revolution. Young ladies, even of the highest ranks of society, have dressed themselves as peasants and sought menial employments, that they might instruct others in their peculiar views. Tombovskole, a wealthy princess, and moving in court circles, was discovered among peasant washerwomen, with a like object. In the schools the young girls nearly all become converts, and it may be said that, as a result of this system of proselytism, the whole body politic has been inoculated with the spirit of sedition and disaffection. The nobility and the gendarmes, rich and poor, the humble and the distinguished, the ignorant and the learned, have one common belief, a negative one, to which they cling the more desperately because they have nothing else left to believe in. "They are absolutely convinced that the present state of things is utterly rotten; that society is marching, or rather drifting, in the wrong direction; that no reforms but revolutionary reforms can be of the slightest avail. Deprived of the ordinary European modes of political expression, without the safety-valves of free newspapers and constitutional discussion, the Nihilists live apart, a nation within a nation. Like an oppressed people under alien sway; like Greeks under Turks, or Venetians under Austrians, they are fanatically attached to their own society, and obey its dictates in the face of law and recognized morality." The late attempt to assassinate the Czar was undoubtedly the outcome, either directly or remotely, of this revolutionary tendency, just as the recent assassinations were inspired by the Nihilist organization.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Government itself is largely responsible for the prevalent unrest and discontent. Its pitiless rigor and merciless repression, in recent as in former years,

have reinforced the very propaganda it has aimed to suppress. It has shown only too palpably its fears of free and enlightened discussion, and every fresh measure of severity being accepted as an indication of weakness, has loosened its hold upon the populace, while it has emboldened the reactive revolutionists to new deeds of violence.

The treatment received by the Nihilists in the Russian courts has been, in many cases, absolutely brutal. In the decade ending with 1877, over 1,000 Nihilists were arrested, 300 of whom were imprisoned and held for trial. Many of these perished in prison, some by suicide, others by disease, and some by insanity induced by their sufferings. Some had been in prison for six years when, finally, in 1877, the 200 who still survived were brought to trial. From the moment of their arraignment, even the commonest privileges accorded in civilized countries to men on trial for their lives were denied them. The trial was conducted with the utmost secrecy, and the accused, confronted by witnesses who were either spies or persons under intimidation, found all attempts at defense utterly useless, their conviction having been plainly determined upon in advance. So apparent was this, that only thirty of the entire number assented to even the form of a trial, the remainder refusing to recognize the court as anything better than "a shameful farce." As the result of the proceedings, thirty-seven of the prisoners were exiled to Siberia, sixty-three were ordered to preliminary imprisonment, and the remainder were permitted to go unpunished. Subsequently these sentences were increased in severity by the Emperor, who reviewed the findings of the court. This one act has probably done as much, if not more, than any other to intensify the Nihilist hostility to the Government, and to modify the popular feeling as to the assassinations which have recently signalized the progress of the revolutionary movement.

Nihilism cannot be extinguished by a policy of violent and brutal repression. The integrity of personal opinion must be respected up to the point at which it becomes positive sedition, and then it must be dealt with by just and orderly methods. No Government in this age can withstand the logic of democratic ideas or the demand for the recognition of indisputable individual rights. Let the Czar give his people a just and humane Government, lifting from their shoulders burdens too grievous to be borne, and diffusing among all classes the blessings of education and absolute protection in every personal right, and he will not only put an effectual end to conspiracy, but secure to his Empire that decisive influence in the affairs of the Eastern World which it has so long been his ambition to acquire.

A GREAT GOVERNMENT LOAN.

ON the 16th of April, Secretary Sherman issued a circular announcing that he was ready to receive bids for \$150,000,000 four per cent. bonds at one-half per cent. premium and accrued interest to the date of subscription, the proceeds to be applied to the redemption of the ten-forties. On the 17th a syndicate composed of nineteen banks and banking firms of this city and Boston submitted a bid for the entire amount of four per cents. and for \$40,000,000 of the funding certificates, making the total subscription \$190,000,000. The bid was accepted as to the bonds, but Secretary Sherman declined to award the \$40,000,000 funding certificates, which are intended for popular subscription.

This is, perhaps, the largest subscription to a Government loan ever made in one day in this or any other country, and, as affording an illustration of the confidence of our ablest and most sagacious financiers in the management and condition of the national finances, cannot but exert an important influence upon the future of our industry and trade.

The practical effect of this great subscription will be that the Treasury Department will be out of the market for the next year and a half—there remaining no other United States bonds to be funded until December 31st, 1880, between which date and June 30th, 1881, twenty millions of six per cents. will be redeemable. The annual saving of interest by the disposal of this great loan will equal \$1,950,000, and it may be added that the sum saved yearly to the Government by Secretary Sherman's funding operations since September, 1877, aggregates nearly \$15,000,000, or \$41,000 a day. As to the general bearings of this last grand transaction, a prominent banker and a member of the syndicate expresses himself as follows:

"One of the happiest effects of this large subscription will be to advance the price of four per cent. bonds in the English market, and make them a much-sought-after investment. When the price here advances to 101, the English people will begin to take them. These enormous subscriptions only illustrate the great material development of wealth in the United States during the last three years, which passes the understanding not only of Europe but of our own financial men. The evidence of it is in our ability to import and pay for, with our surplus exports, practically all the loose United States securities held abroad; so that the amount held there, which five years

ago was estimated at from \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000, cannot now be over one-fifth and possibly one-sixth of that amount. The entire importation of bonds has taken place without any material export of gold, and has been paid for altogether in our products. The current of feeling and expectation in London a month ago was that when we came to the April settlement there would be a crash, another suspension, and a call upon England for help. They argued that the subscriptions of January were so largely speculative and fictitious that the Treasury Department would find it difficult to make collections from its subscribers. Now that one-half of April has gone without the slightest difficulty, and the new impulse exceeds the expectations even of the most sanguine experts, the English will begin to realize the greatness of this country, and our bonds will be taken in preference to any others in the world. The subscription of to-day ought to educate even the most rabid Greenbacker to see the value and economy of having the highest credit. The transactions by Secretary Sherman since January alone will save the Government \$9,000,000 a year."

CONGRESS ADMONISHED.

THERE is an evident determination on the part of certain Senators and Representatives in Congress to attack and break down, if possible, the national banking system. The banks stand in the way of an unconstitutional issue of Government paper; their managers refuse to be used in furthering the silver delusion, and so they are marked for destruction.

We shall not enter into any defense of the national banking system. But before Congress attempts to lay violent hands upon the legislation under which the national banks have been organized, we desire, for its admonition, to recall certain historical facts connected with a former monetary institution and its overthrow.

The Bank of the United States received its charter from a Democratic Congress during the Democratic Administration of James Madison. It came into existence upon the recommendation of a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. The ablest, wisest, and most patriotic statesmen of that period, both Democrats and Federalists, supported the measure. The system then established widely differed from the present one, and the institution was not a national bank in the sense in which we now employ that term. By the terms of its charter Congress could incorporate no other bank. It possessed power to establish branches wherever needed, and thus enjoyed a monopoly. Under the present system the privilege of banking is open and free to all having the requisite capital.

The Bank of the United States was admirably managed. At home and abroad its issues were at par with gold. As a stable regulator of the currency it was unequalled, and inspired the people with confidence. It gave a healthful impetus to all sorts of industries, to commerce and internal trade. The people prospered and were happy. As a fiscal agent, the Government, in its operations, found the bank useful, prompt and inexpensive, while the National Treasury greatly benefited by the receipt of interest on its deposits.

But at length, when it was found that it would not prostitute its offices to partisan purposes and become an agent for the spoliation of the public, political demagogues determined upon its overthrow. By measures which need not be recapitulated here the Bank was finally persecuted out of existence; but from the time that the Government deposits were removed from its vaults and lodged in those of Jackson's "Pet Bogus Banks," as they were not inappropriately called, clouds of misfortune began to settle upon the country. Such banks began to multiply in all directions, and clamorously demanded a share in the spoils—the national revenues, degraded into the fiscal patronage of the Treasury, being used as partisan rewards.

What followed? Parasites of the Administration, looking for plunder, set up their "bogus banks" in every direction and flooded the country with "wildcat money." Expansion and speculation ran riot. The clouds spread and darkened, but men unheeding, recklessly plunged into all sorts of speculative schemes. By-and-by the storm burst upon the country, as in 1873. The pet banks collapsed, millions were lost to the Government, and thousands of business men sank hopelessly into the vortex of ruin. "In three weeks, in 1837," says a writer, "one thousand financiers, merchants, manufacturers, and ship-owners broke down in New York, and forty thousand more throughout the country." Failures which entailed a loss of private capital amounting to not less than \$500,000,000. The United States Almanac enumerates five lines of business which suffered a loss of \$782,000,000, while a reviewer of the period estimates the losses on cotton, wool, grain, foreign and domestic merchandise, on capital invested in stocks, bonds, city real estate, slave labor, manufactures, and the price of labor, at \$5,930,000,000, a sum greatly in excess of the moneyed cost to Government of the late civil war.

Distress attendant upon universal bankruptcy filled the land. The people of the West, with abundant harvests, were unable to raise means wherewith to pay taxes. Their stock and crops were subjected to seizure and sale. Sheriffs sold the farmers' horses at prices as low as \$1.50 each, cows

at \$1, sheep at twelve cents, hogs at prices varying from one cent to six cents each, and implements and crops proportionately. Such was the scarcity of money that, in various parts of the country, the people divided the bank bills obtainable into parts, and agreed to use them as currency. The wreck was complete and appalling. "In this great reversion of trade and finance," says Carroll, "the social calamity was unparalleled. The wealthy fell into penury; widows and orphans, left with a competency, were driven to want. Honest workmen, who supported their wives and children upon their daily labor, were thrown out of employment. The savings of years were swept off at a blow, and the prospects of many were ruined for ever."

Such, in brief, is the history of the old Bank of the United States, and the disasters which attended its enforced downfall. The lesson which it teaches is full of admonition, and we commend it to the careful attention of the majority in Congress. It warns them to let the present banking system alone. That system forms a part of the warp and woof of our monetary fabric. It is identified with every industrial pursuit, and sustains the closest relations with the interests of commerce, production and labor. It has stood the test of years, and meets the wants and the approbation of the vast body of the great American public. It cannot be destroyed without entailing disaster and ruin upon every interest of the Government and people. It is a philosophic principle that like causes beget like effects; to repeat, then, an experiment fraught with direful results to a whole country is worse than folly—it is madness.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE principal event of the week in Europe was the attempted assassination of the Czar of Russia, which is elsewhere referred to. It turns out that Solovieff, the assassin, is the son of a groom in the household of the Grand Duchess Catharine, and has latterly been a schoolmaster of Torgpey in the government, or district, of Pleskov. He will be tried by the highest criminal tribunal. In replying to the congratulations of Lord Beaconsfield, the Czar expressed the belief that the maintenance of good feeling between Russia and England is essential to the best interests of Europe. This is the most important direct result of Solovieff's mad and foolish attempt, so far as it affects the foreign relations of Russia. Its effect upon the internal policy of the Czar will be, no doubt, the adoption of terribly repressive measures. That such measures had already been contemplated is manifest from the recent plan for building six "political prisons" in different parts of Russia, each capable of holding 6,000 inmates. "A nice lookout for the aspirants after liberty—36,000 political prisoners!" The Governor of Charkoff has been abducted by Nihilists, who hold him as a hostage for the treatment of the prisoners. It is reported that the heads of the secret police at St. Petersburg have offered to resign, having discovered that three-fourths of the force are in league with the Nihilists. The chief of police at Archangel has been stabbed. The chief of police at Yalta, in the Crimea, has been arrested as a revolutionist.

The attempt on the Czar's life has silenced the London gossip about his alleged demi-matrimonial alliance with a fascinating lady of his court, and overshadowed even the rumor of the plague's return to St. Petersburg, and the surrender of Kuldja to China. A shell exploded a few days ago as Prince Milan of Serbia was walking along the road in which it was buried, near Nish, wounding his aide-de-camp and starting suspicions of a plot to assassinate the Prince. Aleko Pasha, a native of Bulgaria, is to be Governor of Roumelia for five years, with the approval of the treaty powers. The Turks are fortifying the coast of Epirus. The Sultan, on receiving an envoy from the Khédive, disapproved of his conduct, but said he did not intend to dethrone him. Business is at a standstill in Cairo, where a destructive fire has just occurred. Garibaldi has held half-an-hour's interview with King Humbert, in the carriage which carried the Hero of the Red Shirt to the Quirinal. A meeting of Italian Republicans is to be shortly held at Garibaldi's house in Rome, where manhood suffrage will be one of the subjects discussed.

In France, the difficulties foreseen by Gambetta as likely to accompany the triumph of the French Republic, threaten to begin with the discussion of Jules Ferry's Education Bill, Blanqui's possible election as Deputy for Bordeaux, and Dr. Clemenceau's prospects of becoming Premier in place of M. Waddington. M. Villemessant, founder of the *Figaro*, is dead, and the *Parisina*, a rival to *Galignani*, has been started. In Germany, Bismarck's protective schemes meet with stubborn opposition. General Manteuffel has declined the proffered Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine; and a new geographical expedition has been sent to Central Africa, under the direction of the great explorer Rohlfis. At Vienna,

the Imperial silver wedding takes place on the 23d instant. The latest fashion there is that of "Bocaccio stockings," a white silk one on the left leg and a pink silk one on the right, as worn by Fraulein Link (lately married). In the last act of Suppe's new opera. A Hungarian village has been swept by a flood, and four other towns are threatened. At Szegedin, fresh disasters are apprehended from another rise of the river Theiss.

The Queen of Portugal is pronounced out of danger, but the Infanta Christina of Spain is dying. In England, which is expecting the speedy return of Queen Victoria from Italy, Her Majesty's Ministry has been violently denounced by John Bright at Birmingham as "imbecile at home and turbulent abroad. I leave them," added the gentle Quaker, "to the judgment of their constituents and the heavy condemnation of history." Many of the Durham colliery strikers talk of migrating to the United States. By an explosion of fire-damp in the Agraville coal-pit, near Mons, in Belgium, the woodwork of the shaft caught fire on Thursday last. Only eighty-nine of the two hundred and forty men who were in the mine have been rescued.

The situation in Zululand remains without material change. A relieving column of 6,000 British troops is moving to the relief of Colonel Pearson's command at Ekowe, which is surrounded by a force of 20,000 Zulus. A force of British captured a quantity of Zulu cattle on March the 28th, but they were retaken the same day. A bloody battle followed the next day, in which the English loss was seventy-seven. The Zulus were defeated. The Boers have decided almost unanimously never to rest satisfied with less than their independence. It is thought they will adopt a course of passive resistance.

From Afghanistan it is reported that a bad feeling is growing against the British among all the tribes interested in the Khyber Pass. They complain that the British are acting as though they intended to keep the pass in spying out the hill fastnesses. Emissaries from Yakoub Khan doubtless have also been busy among the tribes. A correspondent at Lahore telegraphs that "unless the British conduct and intentions shall be explained and the frontier affairs placed in the hands of the most capable officials, we may have a combination against us which, at the present moment, would be most inconvenient."

There is great financial depression in Turkey. The calnie—paper money—has depreciated to an alarming extent, falling 400 per cent. in one week, the rate now standing at 900 per cent., or \$10 paper for \$1 of gold. The country is represented as being little better than bankrupt.

There is a possibility that England may soon have another petty war on her hands. It was announced in the House of Commons, April 18th, that the Chilean fleet in Peruvian waters had seized several British ships, and fears are expressed in the London clubs that unless the naval authorities in the Pacific are more prudent than the Viceroy of India and the Governor-General of Natal have been, another war will be made inevitable.

HON. S. S. COX, of this city, succeeds, in the reconstruction of the committees of the House of Representatives, to the Chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a position for which he is admirably qualified, and in which he will, no doubt, earn fresh distinction.

THE total number of failures in the United States during the first quarter of the present year was 2,524, with a total liability of \$43,112,655. The failures for the same period last year were 3,355, with liabilities amounting to \$82,070,826. The improvement in the business situation, therefore, judged by this standard, is equal to twenty-five per cent. as to the number of failures, and to over forty per cent. in the decrease of liabilities.

It is mentioned in Philadelphia papers as an indication of returning prosperity and activity in commercial pursuits, that the business of that port for March was the largest ever transacted at the Custom House in one month. The only month that ever approximated it in amount of business was March, 1876, when Centennial goods were being brought in quite largely. The receipts for that month were \$1,028,531, the foreign entrances 160 vessels, and the clearances 136, while for March of this year the receipts amounted to \$1,077,808, the foreign entrances were 230 vessels, and the clearances 159.

THE indications now are that Congress will continue in session until the heat of Summer makes its further stay at the Capitol impossible. The majority seem determined to accomplish the repeal of the political legislation which they regard as obnoxious, while the Republicans manifest a disposition to interpose every possible obstacle in the way of the achievement of that

end; and unless the President shall fall into line with the Democracy and give his prompt approval to such measures as they may pass, the contest must inevitably be prolonged beyond the middle of May. It is, indeed, by no means improbable that, should general legislation be attempted, the session will extend to the first of July.

DURING the eight months ending with the 4th of March last, the expense account of the United States Senate amounted to \$632,836, of which \$301,000 was for mileage and salary of Senators, \$134,620 for salaries of officers, \$20,469 for clerks of committees and pages, and \$143,557 for contingent expenses. The Teller Investigating Committee cost \$18,174; the committee to reorganize the Army cost \$5,232, and the commission to consider the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department cost the Government \$5,882, and was a waste. At the rate named for eight months the cost of the Senate per year is nearly one million of dollars, which, for a body of only seventy-six members, certainly seems excessive.

THE Police Commissioners have taken an important and commendable step in directing the Police Superintendent to report the number of gambling-houses in operation in this city, the number which have been closed between this date and the date of the report, the number of arrests made after this date for keeping gambling-houses or assisting therein in violation of law, together with suggestions as to what steps may be taken by him to suppress gambling-houses in the metropolis. It is well known that there are many houses of this description, especially in the upper portion of the city, which are not only not molested by the police, but appear to be under their protection, and it is high time that the authorities should employ all the means at their command for the suppression of the growing evil.

THE movement looking to a World's Fair in this city in 1883 is gathering strength. A national convention of Governors of States and Mayors of cities will be held in this city in June next, to consider measures of finance and legislation. Hon. Richard C. McCormick, who so creditably represented this country at the Paris Exposition, suggests in a published letter that at least three years should be allowed for the construction of the buildings and the adornment of the grounds, and that the administration of the Exhibition should be intrusted to a very small commission, with absolute powers, who should be well paid for their services. He thinks that the Exhibition grounds should have a water front, where heavy and bulky goods may be unloaded directly from vessels without onerous terminal charges. It is stated that the site of the Exhibition has been already selected, but the committee decline to make it known at present.

THE women suffragists of Great Britain are apparently no less resolute than those of our own country. Notwithstanding the rebuffs they have received from Parliament on the question of the franchise, the leaders of the movement are preparing themselves not only to obtain Parliamentary votes, but to take part personally in the House of Commons debates. It was recently announced that Mrs. Fawcett had been elected president of a ladies' debating association. The best debaters are those who hold their opinions strongly, and it is pretty well known that most women have notions of their own on a wide variety of subjects. Women in general do not trouble their heads much with politics; but the lady politician, as experience in many ages and countries has proved, is not quite such a *rara avis* as some ignorant people suppose. The late Miss Martineau was an able exponent of the soundest principles of political economy, and her advice was often eagerly sought for by Ministers of the Crown. And in this country some of our most distinguished statesmen have found their wisest and ablest advisers in the women of their households.

UPON the trial in Philadelphia of the suit of Mr. Weigley against Frank Leslie, Mr. Weigley having testified in the most positive manner, that the circular published under the title of "Caution," which I considered a direct attack upon my good name, was not published until some time after he had withdrawn from the firm of De Bergue & Co., and that he did not advise nor consent thereto, and as my action and comments adverse to Mr. Weigley were based upon information to the contrary, I cheerfully, in view of this exculpation, publish the following:

Cox. } Court of S.S.
vs. } Libel.
LESLIE. } April 18th, 1879.

I DESIRE to say, in vindication of Mr. Weigley, that I have done him injustice in the publication complained of in this action, and that the true facts connected with the history of our business relations, as I now understand them, do not warrant or justify any imputation upon the character or integrity of Mr. Weigley.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX is lying at the point of death at his residence in this city.

THE Iowa Republicans will meet in State Convention June 11th, to nominate a candidate for Governor and other State officers.

THE official returns of the recent State election in Michigan, though not complete, make certain a Republican majority of about 4,000.

THE Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, has sent to President Hayes an address strongly condemning Chinese immigration to that State.

THE Rev. W. R. Davis has been installed pastor of the Church of the Disciples, in this city, in the place of Rev. George H. Hepworth, resigned.

CONSIDERABLE commotion has been created in railroad circles by the acceptance of the presidency of the Wabash Railroad Company by Cyrus W. Field.

STORMS of rain and snow visited Massachusetts and parts of Pennsylvania and New York last week, the snow in some places falling to a depth of six inches.

THE case of the Virginia judges indicted by Judge Rives's court, for refusing to place negroes on juries, has gone over until the October term of the Supreme Court.

THE issue of \$500,000 bonds for the Brooklyn Bridge has been authorized by the New York Board of Apportionment, and work on the structure has already been resumed.

AFTER a long fight, the Pennsylvania Legislature has rejected the Bill providing for the payment of \$4,000,000 by the State for damages caused by the railroad riot in Pittsburgh.

IN connection with the Hazen-Stanley court-martial, an attempt will be made to bring out the alleged suppressed evidence before a committee of the Forty-third Congress in regard to post-traderships.

RESOLUTIONS have been introduced in the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures proposing the appointment of committees to visit California and welcome General Grant on his return to this country.

THE Treasury Department has issued its ninety-eighth call for the redemption of bonds. The call is for \$160,000,000, 10-40 bonds of 1864, of which \$46,775,000 are coupon bonds, and \$113,225,000 are registered bonds.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has approved Mayor Cooper's removal of Police Commissioner Nichols, and the Mayor has appointed Charles F. MacLean, for the past six years counsel to the Police Board, in place of Mr. Nichols.

A FIRE at Eureka, Nev., has destroyed half of the town, including the heaviest business houses, the hotels, etc. Three hundred families are destitute, and 2,000 people are without shelter. The loss is roughly estimated at \$1,000,000.

THE Citizens' Relief Committee of Wyandotte, Kan., to which point the Southern colored emigrants are being despatched from St. Louis, have made an appeal for immediate financial aid. There are 1,700 destitute negroes there now to be provided for, and more thousands are on their way.

AMONG passengers sailing from this port for Europe, April 19th, were Rev. Charles Ewell Craik, Rector at the American Legation in Geneva; Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, and John Ennis, the pedestrian, and family. Ennis will walk in the six-days contest for the Astley Belt, in London, on June 5th.

THERE was a reconciliation between Mr. Talmage and Mr. Hathaway, April 17th, and the Brooklyn Presbytery spent much time in discussing a motion to drop the fourth specification in consequence, but by a vote of 15 to 16 decided not to strike it out. General disorder continued to characterize the trial.

THE six days' walking match at Gilmore's Garden, in this city, terminated on the night of April 19th. The final score of the ten men who walked the entire six days was: Panchot, 480 miles 1 lap; Merritt, 475.5; Krohn, 455; O'Brien, 435; Byrne, 427; Noden, 426; Brodie, 375; Willis, 310.5; Stanley, 279.7; Day, 242.5.

A DISPATCH from Victoria, British Columbia, says that Captain Brown, of the United States steamer *Alaska*, which arrived there from Sitka on the afternoon of April 17th, reports the Indians quiet. He does not anticipate any trouble, and attributes the excitement to fright. This judgment is challenged by residents of Sitka and the Collector of the Port, who still profess to entertain great alarm.

AMONG recent deaths are those of General Henry Brewerton of the Army Retired List, aged 78 years; Rev. Charles West Thompson, rector of St. John's Church, at York, Pa.; Charles Johnson, of Norwich, Conn., a prominent bank president, and General William S. Pierson, of Windsor, Conn., a lineal descendant of the first rector of Yale College, in his sixty-fourth year. The latter was for years a lawyer in New York.

MR. THURMAN has been elected President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. The Committee on Privileges and Elections is considering the validity of the election of Senator Kellogg of Louisiana. Speeches on the Army Bill were made last week by Senators Blaine, Wallace, Logan, Beck, Dawes, Hoar and others. The debate will close April 24th. The House will terminate the discussion of the Legislative Appropriation Bill April 25th. Speaker Randall has decided that the Banking and Currency, Coinage, and Ways and Means Committees may make reports based upon petitions which go into the box and find their way to the committee rooms through an official channel, without being formally presented to the House. Under this ruling, a number of Bills have already been introduced into the possession of the Committee on Coinage, including one to make subsidiary silver coin a legal-tender to the amount of ten dollars, and providing for the interchange of such coins with greenbacks.

Foreign.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD's American-bred horse Parole won the Newmarket (England) handicap, April 16th.

A PETITION has been presented in the Dominion Parliament from British Columbia, praying for repressive measures against the Chinese.

WORK has been stopped on the Mexican Exposition building, Treasurer Garcia having refused to furnish money in advance of appropriations.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, deferring to the Czar's wish, has withdrawn his request to retire to private life, and will probably remain as Russian Ambassador at London.

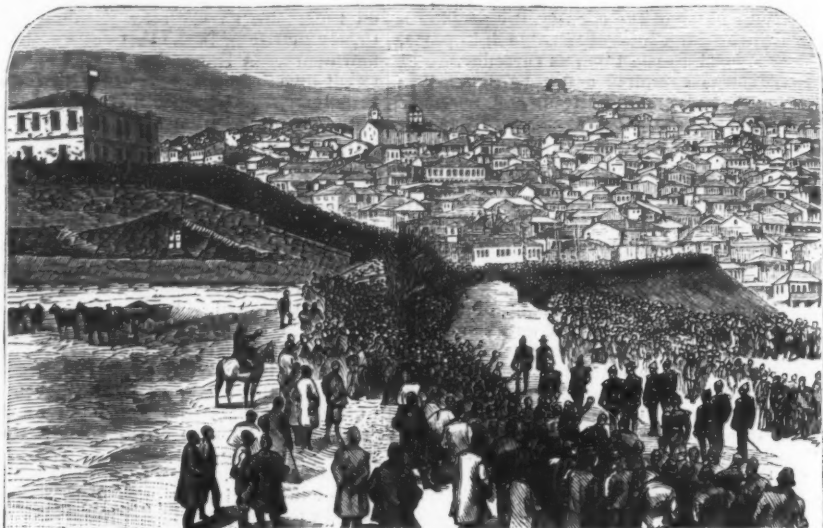
ON account of the special repressive measures by Russia, it is expected that a large proportion of the 5,000 to 10,000 suspected persons now in custody will be sent in chains to the northeast.

THE South Wales colliers have decided to reject all the proposals of the masters for a reduction of wages, and have submitted counter proposals. From twenty to twenty-five thousand men are affected by this movement.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



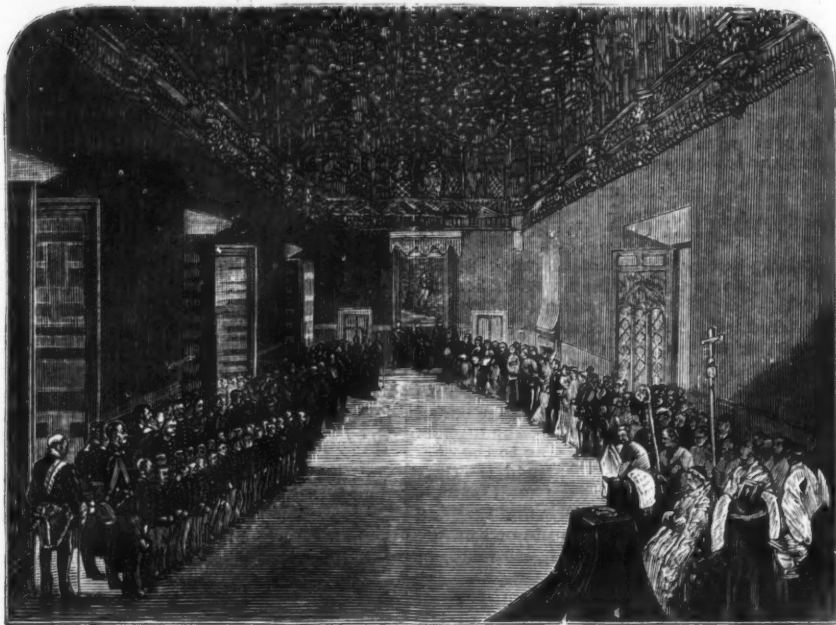
AFGHANISTAN.—SUBMISSION OF WALI MAHOMED, THE LATE AMEER'S BROTHER.



BULGARIA.—ENTRY OF THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER INTO TIRNOVA.



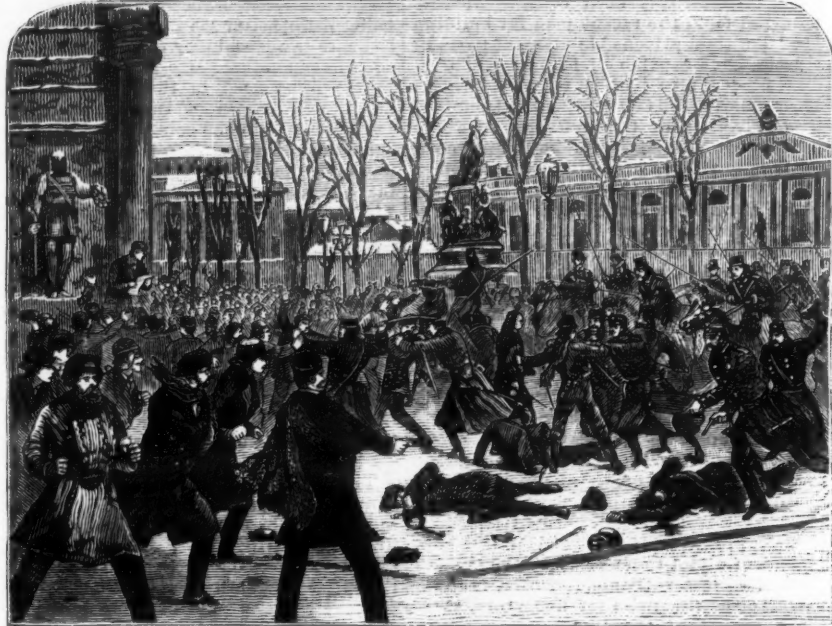
ENGLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE AT CROYDON.



SPAIN.—THE KING INAUGURATING THE MILITARY COLLEGE AT GUADALAJARA.



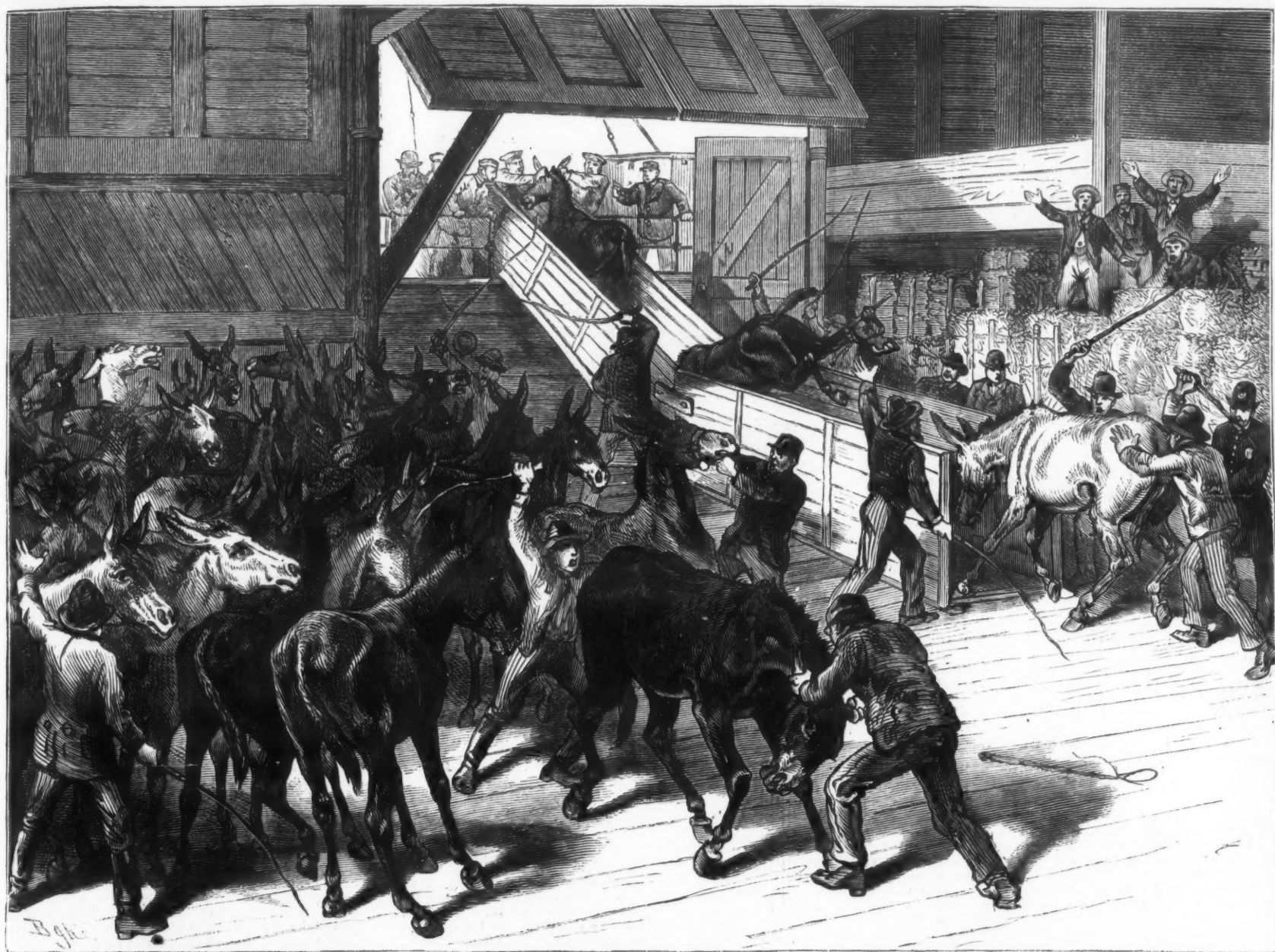
HUNGARY.—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA VISITING SZEGEDIN DURING THE FLOOD.



RUSSIA.—THE DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF THE CZAROWITZ.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—COLONEL PEARSON'S INTRENCHED POSITION AT EKOWE.



NEW YORK CITY.—SHIPMENT OF MULES FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN AFRICA—THE ANIMALS GOING ON BOARD THE BRITISH TRANSPORT "ONTARIO," AT PIER 44, NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 135.



WINWAMSMOOT, CHIEF OF THE UMATILLAS.



CHIEF MOSES, OF THE UKANOGAN INDIANS.



HOWLISHWAMP, CHIEF OF THE CAYUSES.



YOUNG CHIEF, CAYUSE INDIAN.



UMAPIKE, CAYUSE INDIAN.



HOMILIE, CHIEF OF THE WALLA-WALLAS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—CHIEF MOSES AND HIS DELEGATION OF OREGON INDIANS, NOW AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.—SEE PAGE 135.

A LOVE SONG.

KISS me, darling. Let your lips
Be a rose that breaks apart,
And I'll be the bee that sips
Honey from the rose's heart.
Ah! the scarlet leaves unclose
Of this blossom blown for me,
Happy fate to be a rose!
Happier fate to be a bee!

Kiss me, darling. Let your eyes
Be the violets on the hill;
I will be the wind that flies
Hither, thither, at its will.
When my kiss upon them lies
Then the blossoms, sweet and shy,
Must look up in swift surprise
While the laughing wind goes by.

Kiss me, darling. Let my heart
Be a warm and pleasant nest;
Come and swing its doors apart,
Enter in and be my guest.
Love stands just within the door—
Tender shall his welcome be;
There, my darling, evermore
Sing your song for him and me.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE influence of the cool night air completed Simple Sally's recovery. She was able to eat now. Amelius proposed retracing his steps to the provision-shop, and giving her the best food that the place afforded. She preferred the bread-and-butter at the coffee-stall. Those thick slices, piled up on the plate, tempted her as a luxury. On trying the luxury, one slice satisfied her. "I thought I was hungry enough to eat the whole plateful," said the girl, turning away from the stall, in the vacantly-submissive manner which it saddened Amelius to see. He bought more of the bread-and-butter, on the chance that her appetite might revive. While he was wrapping it in a morsel of paper, one of her elder companions touched him and whispered, "There he is, sir!" Amelius looked at her. "The brute who calls himself her father," the woman explained, impatiently.

Amelius turned, and saw Simple Sally with her arm in the grasp of a half-drunken ruffian, one of the swarming wild-beasts of Low London, dirtied down from head to foot to the color of the street mud—the living danger and disgrace of English civilization. As Amelius eyed him, he drew the girl away a step or two. "You've got a gentleman this time," he said to her; "I shall expect gold to-night, or else—!" He finished the sentence by lifting his monstrous fist and shaking it in her face. Cautiously as he had lowered his tones in speaking, the words had reached the keenly-sensitive ears of Amelius. Urged by his hot temper, he sprang forward. In another moment he would have knocked the brute down, but for the timely interference of the arm of the law, clad in a policeman's greatcoat. "Don't get yourself into trouble, sir," said the man, good-humoredly. "Now, you Hell-fire (that's the nice name they know him by, sir, in these parts), be off with you!" The wild-beast on two legs cowered at the voice of authority, like the wild beast on four; he was lost to sight at the dark end of the street in a moment.

"I saw him threaten her with his fist," said Amelius, his eyes still aflame with indignation. "He has bruised her frightfully on the breast. Is there no protection for the poor creature?"

"Well, sir," the policeman answered, "you can summon him, if you like. I dare say he'd get a month's hard labor. But, don't you see, it would be all the worse for her when he came out of prison."

The policeman's view of the girl's position was beyond dispute. Amelius turned to her gently; she was shivering with cold or terror, perhaps with both. "Tell me," he said, "is that man really your father?"

"Lord bless you, sir!" interposed the policeman, astonished at the gentleman's simplicity, "Simple Sally hasn't got father or mother—have you, my girl?"

She paid no heed to the policeman. The sorrow and sympathy plainly visible in Amelius filled her with a childish interest and surprise. She dimly understood that it was sorrow and sympathy for her. The bare idea of distressing this new friend, so unimagably kind and considerate, seemed to frighten her. "Don't fret about me, sir," she said, timidly; "I don't mind having no father nor mother; I don't mind being beaten." She appealed to the nearest of her two women-friends. "We get used to everything, don't we, Jenny?"

Amelius could bear no more. "It's enough to break one's heart to hear you and see you!" he burst out—and suddenly turned his head aside. His generous nature was touched to the quick; he could only control himself by an effort of resolution that shook him, body and soul. "I can't and won't let that unfortunate creature go back to be beaten and starved!" he said, passionately addressing himself to the policeman. "Oh, look at her! How helpless, and how young!"

The policeman stared. These were strange words to him. But all true emotion carries with it, among all true people, its own title to respect. He spoke to Amelius with marked respect.

"It's a hard case, sir, no doubt," he said. "The girl's a quiet, well-disposed creature—and the other two there are the same. They're of the sort that keep to themselves, and don't drink. They all of them do well enough, as long as they don't let the liquor overcome them. Half the time it's the men's fault when they do drink. Perhaps the workhouse might take her in for the night. What's this you've got, my girl, in your hand? Money?"

Amelius hastened to say that he had given her the money. "The workhouse!" he repeated. "The very sound of it is horrible." "Make your mind easy, sir," said the policeman; "they won't take her in at the workhouse with money in her hand."

In sheer despair, Amelius asked, helplessly, if there was no hotel near. The policeman pointed to Simple Sally's threadbare and scanty clothes, and left them to answer the question for themselves. "There's a place they call a coffee-house," he said, with the air of a man who thought he had better provoke as little further inquiry on that subject as possible.

Too completely preoccupied, or too innocent in the ways of London, to understand the man, Amelius decided on trying the coffee-house. A suspicious old woman met them at the door, and spied the policeman in the background. Without waiting for any inquiries, she said, "All full for to-night"—and shut the door in their faces.

"Is there no other place?" said Amelius. "There's a lodging-house," the policeman answered, more doubtfully than ever. "It's getting late, sir; and I'm afraid you'll find 'em packed like herrings in a barrel. Come, and see for yourself."

He led the way into a wretchedly-lighted by-street, and knocked with his foot on a trap-door in the pavement. The door was pushed open from below by a bright-eyed boy with a dirty nightcap on his head. "Any of 'em wanted to-night, sir?" asked the bright-eyed boy, the moment he saw the policeman. "What does he mean?" said Amelius. "There's a sprinkling of thieves among them, sir," the policeman explained. "Stand out of the way, Jacob, and let the gentleman look in."

He produced his lantern, and directed the light downwards, as he spoke. Amelius looked in. The policeman's figure of speech, likening the lodgers to "herrings in a barrel," accurately described the scene. On the floor of a kitchen, men, women and children lay huddled together in closely-packed rows. Ghastly faces rose terrified out of the seething obscurity, when the light of the lantern fell on them. The stench drove Amelius back, sickened and shuddering. "How's the sore place on your head, Jacob?" the policeman inquired. "This is a civil boy," he explained to Amelius, "and I like to encourage him." "Better, thank you, sir," said the bright-eyed boy. "Good-night, Jacob." "Good-night, sir." The trap-door fell, and the lodging-house disappeared like the vision of a frightful dream.

There was a moment of silence among the little group on the pavement. It was not easy to solve the question of what to do next. "There seems to be some difficulty," the policeman remarked, "about housing this girl for the night."

"Why shouldn't we take her along with us?" one of the women suggested. "She won't mind sleeping three in a bed, I know."

"What are you thinking of?" the other woman remonstrated. "When he finds she don't come home our place will be the first he looks for her in."

Amelius settled the difficulty in his own headlong way. "I'll take care of her for the night," he said. "Sally, will you trust yourself with me?"

She put her hand in his, with the air of a child who was ready to go home. Her wan face brightened for the first time. "Thank you, sir," she said; "I'll go anywhere along with you."

The policeman smiled. The two women looked thunderstruck. Before they had recovered themselves, Amelius forced them to take some money from him, and cordially shook hands with them. "You're good creatures," he said, in his eager, hearty way; "I'm sincerely sorry for you. Now, Mr. Policeman, show me where to find a cab—and take that for the trouble I am giving you. You're a humane man, and a credit to the force."

In five minutes more Amelius was on the way to his lodgings, with Simple Sally by his side. The act of reckless imprudence which he was committing was nothing but an act of Christian duty, to his mind. Not the slightest misgiving troubled him. "I shall provide for her in some way," he thought to himself cheerfully. He looked at her. The weary outcast was asleep already in her corner of the cab. From time to time she still shivered, even in her sleep. Amelius took off his greatcoat and covered her with it. How some of his friends at the club would have laughed if they had seen him at that moment!

He was obliged to wake her when the cab stopped. His key admitted them to the house. He lit his candle in the hall and led her up the stairs. "You'll soon be asleep again, Sally," he whispered. She looked round the little sitting-room with drowsy admiration. "What a pretty place to live in!" she said. "Are you hungry again?" Amelius asked. She shook her head, and took off her shabby bonnet; her pretty light-brown hair fell about her face and her shoulders. "I think I'm too tired, sir, to be hungry. Might I take the sofa-pillow and lay down on the hearthrug?"

Amelius opened the door of his bedroom. "You are to pass the night more comfortably than that," he answered. "There is a bed for you here."

She followed him in and looked round the bedroom with renewed admiration of everything that she saw. At the sight of the hair-brushes and the comb she clapped her hands in ecstasy. "Oh, how different from mine!" she exclaimed. "Is the comb tortoiseshell, sir, like one sees in the shop-windows?" The bath and the towels caught her eye next; she stood looking at them with longing eyes, completely forgetful of the wonderful comb. "I've often peeped into the ironmongers' shops," she said, "and thought I should be the happiest girl in the world if I had such a bath as that. A little pitcher is all I have got of

my own, and they swear at me when I want it filled more than once. In all my life I have never had as much water as I should like." She paused and thought for a moment. The forlorn, vacant look appeared again, and dimmed the beauty of her blue eyes. "It will be hard to go back, after seeing all those pretty things," she said to herself, and sighed, with that inborn submission to her fate so melancholy to see in a creature so young.

"You shall never go back again to that dreadful life," Amelius interposed. "Never speak of it, never think of it any more. Oh, don't look at me like that!"

She listened with an expression of pain, and suddenly lifted both her hands to her head. There was something so wonderful in the idea which he had suggested to her, that her mind was not able to take it all in at once. "You make my head giddy," she said. "I'm such a poor, stupid girl—I feel out of myself, like, when a gentleman like you sets me thinking of new things. Would you mind saying it again, sir?"

"I'll say it to-morrow morning," Amelius rejoined kindly. "You are tired, Sally—go to rest."

She roused herself and looked at the bed. "Is that your bed, sir?"

"It's your bed to-night," said Amelius. "I shall sleep on the sofa in the next room."

Her eyes rested on him for a moment in speechless surprise; she looked back again at the bed. "Are you going to let me sleep by myself?" she asked, wonderingly. Not the faintest suggestion of immodesty—nothing that the most profligate man living could have interpreted impurely—showed itself in her look or manner, as she said those words.

Amelius thought of what one of her women-friends had told him. "She hasn't grown up, you know, in her mind, since she was a child." There were other senses in the poor victim that were still undeveloped besides the mental sense. He was at a loss how to answer her with the respect which was due to that all-atonement ignorance. His silence amazed and frightened her. "Have I said anything to make you angry with me?" she asked.

Amelius hesitated no longer. "My poor girl," he said, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart! Sleep well, Simple Sally—sleep well." He left her hurriedly, and shut the door between them.

She followed him as far as the closed door, and stood there alone, trying to understand him, and trying all in vain. After a while she found courage enough to whisper through the door. "If you please, sir—" She stopped, startled by her own boldness. He never heard her; he was standing at the window, looking out thoughtfully at the night, feeling less confident of the future already. She still stood at the door, wretched in the firm persuasion that she had offended him. Once she lifted her hand to knock at the door, and let it drop again at her side. A second time she made the effort and desperately summoned the resolution to knock. He opened the door directly.

"I'm very sorry if I said anything wrong," she began faintly, her breath coming and going in quick, hysteric gasps. "Will you please forgive me, and say good-night?" Amelius took her hand; he said it with the utmost gentleness, but still he said it sorrowfully. She was not quite comforted yet. "Would you mind, sir—" She paused awkwardly, afraid to go on. There was something so completely childlike in the artless perplexity of her eyes that Amelius smiled. The change in his expression gave her back her courage in an instant; her pale, delicate lips reflected his smile prettily. "Would you mind giving me a kiss, sir?" she said.

Amelius kissed her. Let the man who can honestly say he would have done otherwise, blame him. He shut the door between them once more. She was quite happy now. He heard her singing to herself as she got ready for bed.

Once, in the wakeful watches of the night, she started him. He heard a cry of pain or terror in the bedroom. "What is it?" he asked through the door. "What has frightened you?" There was no answer. After a minute or two the cry was repeated. He opened the door, and looked in. She was sleeping, and dreaming as she slept. One little thin white arm was lifted in the air, and waved restlessly to and fro over her head. "Don't kill me!" she murmured, in low moaning tones—"Oh, don't kill me!" Amelius took her arm gently, and laid it back on the coverlid of the bed. His touch seemed to exercise some calming influence over her; she sighed, and turned her head on the pillow; a faint flush rose on her wasted cheeks, and passed away again—she sank quietly into a dreamless sleep.

Amelius returned to his sofa, and fell into a broken slumber. The hours of the night passed. The sad light of the November morning dawned mistily through the uncurtained window, and woke him.

He started up and looked at the bedroom-door. "Now what was to be done?" that was his first thought, on waking; he was beginning to feel his responsibilities at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE landlady of the lodgings decided what was to be done.

"You will be so good, sir, as to leave my apartments immediately," she said to Amelius. "I make no claim to the week's rent, in consideration of the short notice. This is a respectable house, and it shall be kept respectable at any sacrifice."

Amelius explained and protested; he appealed to the landlady's sense of justice and sense of duty, as a Christian woman. The reasoning which would have been irresistible at Tadmor was reasoning completely thrown away in London. The landlady remained as

impenetrable as the Egyptian Sphinx. "If that creature in the bedroom is not out of my house in an hour's time, I shall send for the police." Having answered her lodger's arguments in those terms, she left the room, and banged the door after her.

"Thank you, sir, for being so kind to me. I'll go away directly—and then perhaps the lady will forgive you."

Amelius looked round. Simple Sally had heard it all. She was dressed in her wretched clothes, and was standing at the open bedroom-door, crying.

"Wait a little," said Amelius, wiping her eyes with his own handkerchief; "and we will go away together. I want to get you some better clothes; and I don't exactly know how to set about it. Don't cry, my dear—don't cry."

The deaf maid-of-all-work came in, as he spoke. She too was in tears. Amelius had been good to her in many little ways—and she was the guilty person, who had led to the discovery in the bedroom. "If you had only told me, sir," she said, penitently, "I'd have kept it secret. But, there, I went in with your 'ot water as usual, and, oh, Lor'! I was that startled I dropped the jug, and run downstairs again—" Amelius stopped the further progress of the apology. "I don't blame you, Maria," he said; "I'm in a difficulty. Help me out of it; and you will do me a kindness." Maria partially heard him, and no more. Afraid of reaching the landlady's ears, as well as the maid's ears, if he raised his voice, he asked if she could read writing. Yes, she could read writing, if it was plain. Amelius immediately reduced the expression of his necessities to writing, in large text. Maria was delighted. She knew the nearest shop at which ready-made outer clothing for women could be obtained, and nothing was wanted, as a certain guide to an ignorant man, but two pieces of string. With one piece, she measured Simple Sally's height, and with the other she took the slender girth of the girl's waist—while Amelius opened his writing-desk, and supplied himself with the last sum of spare money that he possessed. He had just closed the desk again, when the voice of the merciless landlady was heard, calling imperatively for Maria. The maid-of-all-work handed the two indicative strings to Amelius. "They'll 'elp you at the shop," she said, and shuffled out of the room.

Amelius turned to Simple Sally. "I am going to get you some new clothes," he began.

The girl stopped him there; she was incapable of listening to a word more. Every trace of sorrow vanished from her face in an instant. She clapped her hands. "Oh!" she cried, "new clothes! clean clothes! Let me go with you."

Even Amelius saw that it was impossible to take her out in the streets with him in broad daylight, dressed as she was then. "No, no," he said, "wait here till you get your new things. I won't be half an hour gone. Lock yourself in if you are afraid, and open the door to nobody till I come back!" Sally hesitated; she began to look frightened. "Think of the new dress, and the pretty bonnet," suggested Amelius, speaking unconsciously, in the tone in which he might have promised a new toy to a child. He had taken the right way with her. Her face brightened. "I'll do anything you tell me," she said. He put the key in her hand, and was out in the street directly.

Amelius possessed one valuable moral quality which is exceedingly rare among Englishmen. He was not in the least ashamed of putting himself in a ridiculous position, when he was conscious that his own motives justified him. The smiling and tittering of the shop-women, when he stated the nature of his errand, and produced his two pieces of string, failed to annoy him in the smallest degree. He laughed too. "Funny, isn't it," he said, "a man like me buying gowns and the rest of it? She can't come herself—and you'll advise me, like good creatures, won't you?" They advised their handsome young customer to such good purpose that he was in possession of a gray walking costume, a black-cloth jacket, a plain lavender-colored bonnet, a pair of black gloves, and a paper of pins, in a little more than ten minutes' time. The nearest trunk-maker supplied a traveling-box to hold all these treasures; and a passing cab took Amelius back to the lodgings, just as the half-hour was out. But one event had happened during his absence. The landlady had knocked at the door, and called through it in a terrible voice: "Half an hour more!" and had retired again without waiting for an answer.

Amelius carried the box into the bedroom. "Be as quick as you can, Sally," he said, and left her alone to enjoy the full rapture of discovering the new clothes.

When she opened the door and showed herself, the change was so wonderful that Amelius was literally unable to speak to her. Joy flushed her pale cheeks, and diffused its tender radiance over her pure blue eyes. A more charming little creature, in that momentary transfiguration of pride and delight, no man's eyes ever looked on. She ran across the room to Amelius, and threw her arms around his neck. "Let me be your servant!" she cried; "I want to live with you all my life. Jump me up! I'm wild—I want to fly through the window." She caught sight of herself in the looking-glass, and suddenly became composed and serious. "Oh," she said, with the quaintest mixture of awe and astonishment, "was there ever such another bonnet as this? Do look at it—do please look at it!"

Amelius good-naturedly approached to look at it. At the same moment the sitting-room door was opened, without any preliminary ceremony of knocking, and Rufus walked into the room. "It's half after ten," he said, "and the breakfast is spoiling as fast as it can."

Before Amelius could make his excuses for having completely forgotten his engagement,

Rufus discovered Sally. No woman, young or old, high in rank or low in rank, ever found the New Englander unprepared with his own characteristic acknowledgment of the debt of courtesy which he owed to the sex. With his customary vast strides, he marched up to Sally and insisted on shaking hands with her. "How do you find yourself, miss? I take pleasure in making your acquaintance." The girl turned to Amelius with wide-eyed wonder and doubt. "Go into the next room, Sally, for a minute or two," he said. "This gentleman is a friend of mine, and I have something to say to him."

"That's an active little girl," said Rufus, looking after her as she ran to the friendly shelter of the bedroom. "Reminds me of one of our girls at Coolspring—she does. Well, now, and who may Sally be?"

Amelius answered the question, as usual, without the slightest reserve. Rufus waited in impenetrable silence until he had completed his narrative—then took him gently by the arm, and led him to the window. With his hands in his pockets and his long legs planted wide apart on his big feet, the American carefully studied the face of his young friend under the strongest light that could fall on it. "No," said Rufus, speaking quietly to himself, "the boy is not raving mad, so far as I can see. He has every appearance on him of meaning what he says. And this is what comes of the Community at Tadmor, is it? Well, civil and religious liberty is dearly purchased sometimes in the United States—and that's a fact."

Amelius turned away to pack his portmanteau. "I don't understand you," he said.

"I don't suppose you do," Rufus remarked. "I'm at a similar loss myself to understand you. My store of sensible remarks is copious on most occasions, but I'm darned if I ain't dried up in the face of this! Might I venture to ask what that venerable Chief Christian at Tadmor would say to the predicament in which I find my young Socialist this morning?"

"What would he say?" Amelius repeated. "Just what he said when Mellicent first came among us. 'Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!' I wish I had the dear old man here to help me. He would know how to restore that poor, starved, outraged, beaten creature to the happy place on God's earth which God intended her to fill!"

Rufus abruptly took him by the hand. "You mean that?" he said.

"What else could I mean?" Amelius rejoined, sharply.

"Bring her right away to breakfast at the hotel!" cried Rufus, with every appearance of feeling infinitely relieved. "I don't say I can supply you with the venerable Chief Christian, but I can find a woman to fix you, who is as high to being an angel (barring the wings), as any she-creature that ever put on a petticoat." He knocked at the bedroom-door, turning a deaf ear to every appeal for further information which Amelius could address to him. "Breakfast is waiting, miss!" he called out; "and I'm bound to tell you that the temper of the cook at our hotel is a long way on the wrong side of uncertain. Well, Amelius, this is the age of exhibitions. If there's ever an exhibition of ignorance in the art of packing a portmanteau, you run for the gold medal, and a unanimous jury will grant it, I reckon, to a young man from Tadmor. Clear out, will you, and leave it to me."

He pulled off his coat, and conquered the difficulties of packing in a hurry, as if he had done nothing else all his life. The landlady herself, appearing with pitiless punctuality exactly at the expiration of the hour, "smoothed her horrid front" in the polite and placable presence of Rufus. He insisted on shaking hands with her; he took pleasure in making her acquaintance; she reminded him, he did assure her, of the lady of the captain-general of the Coolspring Branch of the St. Vitus Commandery; and he would take the liberty to inquire whether they were related or not. Under cover of this fashionable conversation, Simple Sally was taken out of the room by Amelius without attracting notice. Rufus followed them, still talking to the landlady, all the way down the stairs and out to the street-door.

While Amelius was waiting for his friend outside the house, a young man driving by in a cab leaned out and looked at him. The young man was Jerry, on his way from Mr. Ronald's tombstone to Doctor's Commons.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN MULES SHIPPED TO AFRICA.

DURING the past week an unusual scene was witnessed at Pier 44, North River, in the shipmen on board the British transport *Ontario*, No. 19, of 500 mules for the Cape of Good Hope, to do service in the Zulu war. The steamer, a large iron vessel, was sent here from Liverpool by order of the English Government for the special purpose of transferring these mules to Africa, their purchase by an agent having been effected in Missouri and Kentucky. They were brought by rail to West Albany and there put on board of several river steamers and finally landed at Pier 44, belonging to the National Line. A space of about one hundred and fifty feet from the end of the pier was devoted to the mule emigrants, and they were driven thence on board the *Ontario* over a slightly inclined gangway in couples, and on reaching the main deck were placed in stalls on the port and starboard sides. When the main deck was filled a wide elevator was employed to lower them to the deck below or raise them to the deck above, three decks in all being devoted to their accommodation. The ship was completely fitted up for this kind of live-stock. Each mule stood in a stall, separated from his companions by a board at either hand, fitting into a cleat on the side of the ship. His head was turned to the interior of the vessel and his tail to the bulwarks. Beneath his head on the deck was a sloping trough for feed, and from the roof depended canvas-incased halter-hooks, and the beams above his back were provided to receive broad and

heavy canvas bands to pass under his belly in case of stormy weather, so as to prevent him from being injured by the rolling of the ship. The steamer sailed on Saturday for the Cape of Good Hope.

OREGON INDIANS IN WASHINGTON.

WE give on page 133 the portraits of the principal members of the delegation of Nez Percé Indians, who have recently visited Washington for the purpose of conferring with the President and Secretary Schurz in reference to certain land matters in the vicinity of the Columbia River, in Oregon. The full delegation consisted of Chief Moses, of the Ukanogan Indians; Homilie, chief of the Walla-Wallas; Howlishwamp, chief of the Cayuses; Winnamsmoot, chief of the Umatillas; Young Chief and Umapine, Cayuse Indians; Himminy, a Walla-Walla Indian; Jim, a nephew of Moses, and Abraham Lincoln, a Ukanogan Indian. The Indians were accompanied by Major W. A. Conroyer, agent of the Umatilla reservation in Washington Territory; Major W. H. Boyle, U. S. A.; Miss M. C. Conroyer, Captain John McBau, a United States scout, who acts as interpreter, and Dr. J. A. McGowan, the party's physician. They are all fine-looking specimens of manhood. Moses is especially intelligent, as well as muscular.

On the 18th of April, Secretary Schurz completed negotiations with Chief Moses, and the President has, by an Executive order, set aside a very large reservation in Washington Territory for Moses and his people, with such Indians as may affiliate with them, and such other Indians as the Secretary of the Interior may send to the reservation. Moses's people number not more than a thousand, but his influence with the neighboring Indians is very great, and he could probably command more than a thousand warriors in the event of hostilities.

A REMARKABLE CHESS EXHIBITION.

THE entertainment provided by the Manhattan Chess Club at the Academy of Music, New York, on Wednesday evening, April 16th, embraced the most gorgeous representation of a game of chess with living pieces that has ever been seen. The first part of the programme was made up of music by the United States Marine Band, and a tableau showing Mephistopheles playing with the Prince for his soul. For the game of chess, which was played by Captain Mackenzie and Eugene Delmar, the stage was covered by alternate squares of black and white Canton flannel, the whole board being thirty-two feet square and each square four feet. A red border was tacked around the board. Following are the names of the ladies and gentlemen who were the "living chessmen":

Piece.	Red, Mackenzie.	Blue, Delmar.
King.	A. Ettlinger.	Leon Block.
Queen.	Rachel Barrett.	Miss Muller.
Queen's Bishop.	G. Wielinsky.	James Wolf.
Queen's Knight.	Gus. Rino.	John Dempster.
Queen's Rook.	Julius Bonwit.	A. Elmer.
King's Bishop.	B. W. Dinsmore.	D. G. Baird.
King's Knight.	Leslie Bruce.	Nic. Gedalia.
King's Rook.	S. Seldin.	Charles Gedalia.
King's Pawn.	Emma Hoffman.	Stella Muller.
K. B. P.	Lena Wolf.	Carrie Anderson.
K. K. P.	Fanny Latz.	Clara Anderson.
K. R. P.	Rosa Schwartzwald.	Leah Anderson.
Queen's Pawn.	El-onora Gay.	Lottie Adler.
Q. P. B.	Dora Pearlberg.	Sophie Maikeim.
Q. K. P.	Jetta Marks.	Minnie Simon.
Q. R. P.	Annie Latz.	May Gay.
Queen's Page.	Pauline Wolf.	Esther Adler.
Crier.	C. M. Saulson.	Louis Conn.
Pursuivant.	Charles Mohle.	W. M. De Visser.

Their costumes deserve especial comment. The bishops were arrayed in ecclesiastical robes decorated with gold and silver lace. They bore mitres and croziers, and a thorough-going churchman could not question the accuracy of their dress. Their long beards gave them a patriarchal appearance. Their step was slow and measured. The knights wore bright armor that made a dazzling sight. Heavy pikes were in their hands, and they seemed like descendants of the time of Henry V. Castles rested on the heads of the rooks; castles also covered their breasts.

The pawns were sixteen pretty girls in Amazonian dress. Helmets of gold or silver, and shields and spears were manfully carried by them, and, like their comrades, they wore blue or red, according to the side on which they were arrayed. Their height was uniform, and, altogether, they made a very interesting barrier of defense when marshaled in line. The costume of Charlemagne was the dress of the kings. A crown of gold and a crown of silver was worn by each respectively, and over their bright and handsome robes were jewels of greater or less value. Costumes of the historical period were worn by each queen, and jeweled coronets sat on their graceful heads. A little page tastefully dressed accompanied each.

Mackenzie and Delmar sat on raised platforms on either side of the stage, with chessboards on a table before them. Whenever a move was made the crier announced it, and the pursuivants conducted the pieces to their proper squares. Captain Mackenzie's crier first called, "Pawn to King's 4th." A dainty miss of sixteen, whose long black hair hung loose over her helmet, was led to her square, and when Mr. Delmar's crier also made the same move, the two misses, standing face to face, suspended hostilities for the nonce and exchanged smiles. The following move brought the captain's knight to the king's bishop's third square, and Delmar made a similar move with his knight to his queen's bishop's square. Delmar's fourth move was the capture of a red pawn by a bishop. Her rosy cheeks assumed a scarlet hue of mortification at being captured at such an early stage of the game, and as the pursuivant led her off the board she pouted petulantly. But the pouting was repeated on the sixth move when Delmar, who seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty pawns, pitted a blue-eyed pawn against a red, and she, too, had to retire. The next move was another match of maiden against miss, and the queen's bishop's pawn of the gallant Captain was the third victim. Mackenzie's tenth move, after fine strategic manoeuvres, was a capture of a blue pawn, and three moves later his bishop vanquished a stately knight. The panoplied descendant of Henry V.—twirling his mustache—sought consolation among the charming prisoners behind the wings. On his twenty-first move Delmar made a brilliant sacrifice of his bishop, which afterwards proved unfortunate. His thirtieth move gave the Captain the checkmate. The game throughout brought out very happily the merits of the various costumes.

A Destructive Tornado.

A TORNADO swept over South Carolina, April 16th, causing great destruction of life and property. In the village of Waterboro more than 100 dwellings and all the churches were swept away. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are homeless. Fifteen

persons were killed, and many more wounded. At Oakley all houses occupied by colored people were leveled, and one negro was killed, and many were hurt. Similar casualties are reported from various points in the track of the tornado. At Pocomoke, Ala., twenty dwellings were destroyed by the same storm, and the crops in that State and Georgia sustained great injury. At Fernandina, in Florida, a number of houses were blown down and many damaged. Cars standing on the track were started and blown into the river, and vessels were torn from their moorings.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Submission of the Ameer's Brother to the British.

Wali Mahomed is the last prominent Afghan chieftain who has surrendered to the British. He is rather a big man and bears a great likeness in feature to his brother, the late Ameer. He dies his beard red and paints his eyelashes black. In passing through Jumroo after a durbar or conference with General Maude, he put up an umbrella to protect himself from the sun on the road to Ali-Musjid.

Reception of Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff at Tirnova.

Prince Dondukoff-Korsakoff, the Russian Governor of Bulgaria, who opened the first Parliament of Bulgaria at Tirnova, on February 22d, has been spoken of more prominently than any other person as the future ruler of the principality. His moderation, thoughtfulness and congenial manners since he was appointed to his present position have made him very popular with the nobles and masses. His future will, to a great extent, depend upon his action at the present time. There are two strong parties among the delegates, holding radically different views, yet it is significant that so far all of the articles of the new Constitution that have been adopted are characterized by an extremely liberal spirit. That the Prince-Governor is very popular is shown by the demonstration on his arrival at Tirnova to open the Parliament, of which we give an illustration.

The International Hurdle Race.

The sketch of the International Hurdle Race at Croydon, England, on Wednesday, February 12th, does not include the winner of the race, for the reason that the Bear, inspired by the pint of whisky with which he had thoughtfully been provided by astute friends, and carefully humored by Marsh, was at the moment represented in the sketch some lengths to the good. Comfortable odds of 100 to 12 were always forthcoming up to the last moment, but the chances of the Bear were not highly esteemed. Singleton held the position of favorite, though Boniface and Blue Ruin, on the strength of their performances in December at Sandown Park, were much fancied; and that the public were not far wrong is shown by their having finished second and third. The rumor as to there being, or having been, something wrong with the better of Captain Macchell's pair—arising from reasons which those who started the report can best guess—was speedily dissipated, and although Boniface was beaten easily after Cannon had done his best, the performance must rank as a good one.

A New Spanish Military College.

This admirable establishment has been instituted at Guadajajara for the purpose of affording a first-class military education to the orphans of officers who have died while in the service. It has been founded from the proceeds of a surplus of the national subscription raised to aid the widows and orphans of the brave men who laid down their lives for their country during the late disastrous civil war. The right wing is the department for boys, the left for girls, the education of the latter being superintended by Ursuline nuns. Our illustration represents the scene of inauguration at the moment when the Archbishop of Toledo has concluded his elegant discourse and His Majesty the King is about to address the earnest and thoughtful pupils. His Majesty expressed himself much pleased with the organization, and the working details of the establishment.

The Emperor of Austria at Szegedin.

On Monday, March 17th, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria arrived at Szegedin, with the Hungarian Prime Minister, Herr Tisza. After receiving an address from the Mayor, His Majesty stepped into a pontoon, and was rowed through the ruins of the town. He stopped at some of the larger buildings which still stand, and spoke to some of the unfortunate inmates, telling them to bear up well in their misfortune, that help was coming, and everything possible would be done for them. After the inspection the Emperor returned direct, via Pesth, to Vienna. The Empress of Austria has quitted her fox-hunting Winter residence in Ireland, and has returned to aid in the work of affording relief to the sufferers from the inundation. The Lord Mayor of London has responded to an appeal from the Austrian Ambassador in London, and opened a subscription list at the Mansion House. Subscriptions are also being made throughout Europe and the United States for the relief of the sufferers.

Fatal Demonstration of Russian Students in St. Petersburg.

The confession of Solovieff that he had been chosen by lot to murder the Czar of Russia, and the rumor that General Zuroff, the Prefect of St. Petersburg, had resigned because of threats to assassinate him, have led to the adoption of most extreme measures in the Government's dealing with the Nihilists. Most people outside of Russia, judging from the reports in the daily papers, would believe the regulations already in force sufficiently severe to paralyze any revolutionary movement. The continued assassinations and threats of assassination, the exhibitions of mob violence, such as the students' fight before the palace of the Czarowitz, show that the Nihilists are powerful, well-organized, determined and extremely aggressive. A reign of terror certainly exists in St. Petersburg to-day, but different from the historical one in Paris: it is the Imperial family and the authorities who stand in fear of a secret, insidious foe.

Attempt to Rescue Colonel Pearson at Ekowe.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war in Zululand is extremely momentous. Since January last Colonel Pearson has been invested at Ekowe, having 1,250 men, but only 500 in a condition to aid the advancing army, for whom a force of 35,000 Zulus are lying in wait. A column was started on March 28th for his relief. It is composed of 6,000 men, two Gatling guns, two cannon, several rocket tubes, 113 wagons and 56 pack mules. The wagons are escorted by two companies of mounted natives and a battalion of native foot. Major Pemberton commands the rear guard, composed of 200 men from the *Boadicea*, the Fifty-seventh Regiment, a battalion of the Sixtieth Regiment, and the mounted natives. Lord Chelmsford and staff are with the rear guard. Colonel Wood attacked Umbelini's stronghold on the 28th of March and captured a quantity of cattle. Subsequently 2,000 Zulus retook the cattle, and on the 29th attacked Colonel Wood's camp. The Zulus were repulsed after four hours' fighting, but the British loss was heavy. Seven officers and seventy men were killed, including Captain Campbell and Piet Uys, the leader of the detachment of mounted Boers, who has several times been mentioned in dispatches for distinguished services.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are still two feet of snow in the Adirondack region.

—PRIVATE advices from St. Petersburg state that 1,140 revolutionists have been arrested in Russia within the last fortnight.

—THE St. Louis Grand Jury has indicted all owners, vendors and attachés of the Missouri State Lottery, some sixty in number.

—THE municipality of Paris propose to change the names of the Rue St. Arnaud and the Rue Abbati to Rue Lincoln and Rue Washington respectively.

—PERSONS of the higher classes in Spain receive copies of the Gospels in paper covers through the mails. The Spanish Evangelization Society sends them.

—THE Texas Senate has adopted a resolution taxing commercial travelers from other States \$100 a year in addition to \$10 for each county visited on business.

—It is expected that on the occasion of the German Emperor's golden wedding in June next the monarchs of Russia, Austria and Spain will be the guests of His Majesty.

—THE Ultramontane newspaper *Germania*, of Berlin, doubts the authenticity of the favorable accounts respecting an approaching amicable settlement between Germany and the Vatican.

—THE Michigan Legislature has passed a resolution asking Congress and the Canadian Parliament to authorize the construction of a bridge across the Detroit River, at or near Detroit.

—THE veteran aeronaut, Professor John Wise, insists that the proposed balloon expedition to the North Pole is entirely feasible, and that he is perfectly willing to risk his life in the enterprise.

—MINERS in the Durham (England) collieries are beginning to emigrate, mainly towards the mineral districts of this country. Immigration agents are taking an active part in the movement.

—WOODEN shoes are still in common use among the French peasantry. It is said that about four million pairs are made in France yearly. They are made of maple, and are cheap and serviceable.

—THERE are 490 vessels, aggregating 28,615.22 tons, in the Gloucester fishing fleet. The decrease the past year was 26 vessels. The loss during the past three months was 20 vessels of 1,563.12 tons.

—THE Chinese Six Companies at San Francisco are daily in receipt of applications for laborers to go to Southern States, notably Mississippi and Louisiana, to take the place of the negro labor now emigrating.

—THE latest fashion in Vienna is the so-called "Boccaccio" stockings—i. e., a white-silk stocking on the left leg, and a pink one on the right. The idea was taken from the charming costume which Fraulein Link wore in the last act of Suppé's new opera.

—JOHN BROWN, JR., son of Ossawatimie Brown, publishes a letter in which he declares his intention of volunteering his services to aid the suffering colored refugees of the South. He states that in his opinion the time has come for another grand rescue of the colored race, and, although he is fifty-eight years old, he is ready to devote his remaining energies to the cause which was so dear to his father.

—LONDON has more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Jews than all Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotch than Aberdeen, more Welsh than Cardiff; its beer and gin shops, placed one after another in a line, would reach sixty-two miles, and one entire quarter of the city is inhabited by three hundred thousand of the most miserable wretches and worst thieves to be found on earth.

—THE Supreme Court of South Carolina has ordered a mandamus to issue compelling the State Treasurer to pay out of the funds now in the treasury the interest for 1879 on the recognized public debt of South Carolina. The payment has been hitherto withheld in obedience to an injunction obtained in the United States Court by holders of unrecognized bonds, the status of which is still in litigation.

—A YOUNG American of nineteen, at Christ Church, Oxford, passing the second examination there a few days ago with much credit, was publicly complimented therefor by the Dean. He also won the "Oxford University champion foil," never before won by an American. There were twelve contestants. The young man is named Edwards Pierpont, and is the son of the late American Minister to England.

—THERE are in Milan, Italy, some hundred and fifty English and Americans of both sexes studying music and endeavoring to get fitted for the operatic career. Two or three years ago there were nearly two hundred Americans, mostly young ladies, studying in the stately Lombard capital; but for various reasons this number is reduced at the present time, or was during the Winter, to only seventy or eighty.

—THE Connecticut fire insurance companies' increase in gross assets for 1878 is \$605,045, in surplus as regards policy-holders, \$608,846, and in surplus over all liabilities, \$408,847. The total gross assets of the State companies are \$17,654,915; surplus as regards policy-holders, \$12,702,598; liabilities, including capital, \$13,153,316; surplus over all liabilities, \$4,401,598. Most of the Hartford companies did a better business last year than in 1877.

—AN organization, called the St. Dominic Colonization Society of the City of New York, has been formed for the purchase of lands in Kansas, to be sold at cost price to members actually settling there. They propose erecting a large colony building on the tract, for use until families are able to provide separate shelter. They also will loan money to colonists when embarrassed through sickness or failure of crops. The whole movement is in the interest of Irish laborers, under the guidance of the Catholic Church, and is supposed to be backed by Irish capitalists.

—THE Governor-General of Canada and Princess Louise will stay for three weeks in Quebec after leaving Montreal. Lord Lorne's father, the Duke of Argyll, is expected to arrive in Quebec the second week in June for a four months' visit to his son and royal daughter-in-law. A week later they will greet Rear-Admiral Sir Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh at Halifax, who is to succeed Admiral Inglefield in the command of the North American squadron. From Halifax the party, accompanied by a number of English nobles, will proceed on a salmon fishing-expedition to the Saguenay River.

—PLANS have been submitted to Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, and the Minister of Public Works, for the construction of a bridge across the Detroit River, at a point above Windsor on the Canadian side, where Belle Isle divides the river into two channels. The bridge will extend from Hamtramck on the Michigan shore to Belle Isle, and will have a draw of 300 feet; and from the island it will extend to Walkerville on the Canadian shore, a distance of 2,500 feet. The bridge will place the Grand Trunk Railway in communication with Windsor, and give Canada an uninterrupted road to the West.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND DRIVE ON ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE.—A MOUNTED POLICE PATROL AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET PURSUING A SWELL TEAM FOR FAST DRIVING.—SEE PAGE 135.



A MESSENGER ESCORTING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.



"CALL ME IN THE MORNING, EARLY."

THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

THE CURIOUS USES TO WHICH MESSENGER BOYS ARE PUT.

OUR modern life and customs tend more and more in the direction of economy—not so much in the mere matter of money as in what represents money's worth—time and exertion. To accomplish desired results with absolute certainty, with as much rapidity and with as little personal labor as possible, is becoming the great desideratum in the thousand and one departments of everyday existence. It is on a knowledge of this fact that the District Telegraph system, as it is called, is based.

This system, though of comparatively recent origin, has grown into proportions far beyond the original ideas of its projectors. There are now thirty-nine different District Telegraph companies in the United States, the principal and parent company being located in New York, and embracing the entire metropolis in its radius, from



MESSENGER-BOYS EMPLOYED AS NURSES.

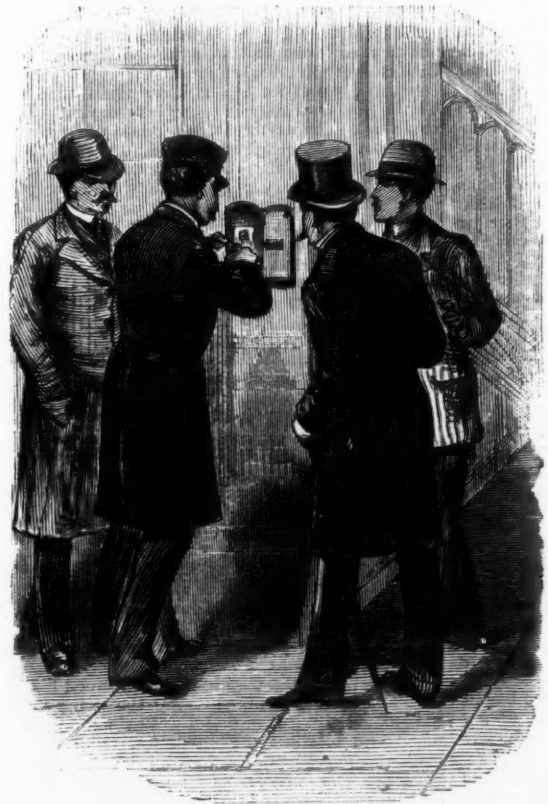


THE TRAINING-SCHOOL, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FOURTH STREET.

the Battery to the Harlem River, or 132d Street. The central office, or headquarters, of this company is on Broadway, corner of Fourth Street, and a visit to this building will give a vivid idea of the magnitude, yet minuteness, of the system. The headquarters, or central offices, occupy the whole of the second and third floors of the large building, and comprise some twenty or more rooms, large and small, which are devoted to separate, and sometimes peculiar, purposes.

Boys are the instruments, the agents, the all in all, of the District Telegraph; and it is perhaps not the least of the commendable features of this institution that it gives useful and fairly paid work to hundreds of boys, who, without it, would probably be deprived of employment, and who, through its means, are trained in habits of industry, energy and obedience.

Among the features of the headquarters building are a printing office, where the various tickets used in the operations of the system are printed; a repair shop, where the telegraphic instruments are



A NIGHT-PATROL ON DUTY.



PATROLMEN AS ESCORTS TO LADIES.



A MESSENGER TAKING HOME AN INTOXICATED PERSON.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.—ITS USES AND ITS PECULIARITIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

kept in order; a tailor shop, where the uniforms worn by the messengers are preserved in their integrity, and a canvassing room, where the theatre ticket and seats for the opera department are carried on. This branch of the District Telegraph transactions is becoming quite a feature. From this canvassing room a telephone is connected with the box office of the Academy of Music, so that an operator at his desk in Fourth Street can communicate directly with the operative ticket-seller in Irving Place.

Then there is a supply room, an odd sort of curiosity shop, in which all the miscellaneous articles used in the District Telegraph operations are kept on hand in considerable quantities. In this apartment, messenger's boots, at \$1.50 a pair, and messenger hats, at \$5 a dozen, lie alongside of batteries and tickets; and all sorts of contrivances for recording and registering messages are displayed beside huge maps of the various districts of the metropolis, on which maps every District Telegraph instrument in the city is marked, the maps of the downtown districts, along Wall Street, presenting a series of lines crossing and recrossing so closely that only an expert can decipher the exact locality of any one particular instrument.

But the most interesting feature of the building is the large room known as the instruction or training room for boys. This is a schoolroom in which the boys who wish to become messengers are educated in the philosophy and practice of the craft. The room itself is large and airy, and presents the ordinary aspects of a schoolroom, with benches, books, pews, an elevated desk for the instructor at one end, etc. But the boys are designated not by name but by number, and the books are all of one kind, tariff books, time books, etc.—books dealing only with street distances, allowances of time and rate of charges, which serve the would-be messenger-boy in lieu of geography, history, grammar and arithmetic.

From ten to eighty boys are daily instructed in this room—the roll being called at half-past eight in the morning. A boy who is five minutes late is detained after the termination of school hours at three o'clock.

At first the District Telegraph Company experienced difficulty in procuring its boys. Now its principal difficulty is to keep within reasonable limits the number of applicants. Every boy applying for a situation must give his name, address, and state who and what his parents are. This statement is examined, and if found correct, and if his references for character are acceptable, he is then given what is called a "special" or transitory number, which designates him while in training-school. It was formerly the custom to send "the new boy" to accompany some regular messenger on his routine tour, but this practice is no longer followed. It is claimed by Mr. Taguer, the Superintendent of the Training School, that when a boy leaves his care he is fully qualified for any department of the messenger service, and needs not to be shown anything which properly comes under his duties. The boy is first taught the supreme importance of being on time. The value of time as a factor in transactions is known to no man living better than to the messenger boy. He must be on time or be off altogether. The boy is next instructed in the importance of obedience. Absolute, unquestioning, yet not unreasoning, obedience. He must obey implicitly, first, the general rules of the office, and second, the particular instructions of the party who requires his services. He is also taught the danger of delay and the necessity for all possible haste in the discharge of his messages. He must travel as fast as he can; he must get to and from a place as soon as possible; he must use his legs; he must also use his wits. He must be a machine, but he must not suffer his machinery to be utilized for evil purposes. He must keep his eyes and ears open. He must suspect where suspicion should be excited. He must know whether "everything is all right" or whether "something is wrong." He must know just when to invoke the aid of a policeman.

At the time of the writer's visit to the training-school a couple of bright lads, Nos. 948 and 913, were being "interviewed" in regard to certain portions of the District Telegraph catechism, for the benefit of some of the "new boys."

"What is the first thing you are to do when told by a subscriber or patron to go on a message for him?" asked the teacher of No. 948.

"I am to ask him three questions," was the boy's reply.

"What are these three questions?"

"Am I to deliver the message to any one else if the party to whom it is addressed does not happen to be in?" "Is there to be an answer?" "If so, how long am I to wait?"

"If you are stopped by any one or interfered with in the performance of your duty, what are you to do?"

"Call a policeman; or, if no policeman is at hand, do the best I can, but deliver my message as directed, at all events."

"What is the great principle which must guide you in all your messages?"

"To find the right person in the right place."

No. 948 evidently understood his business. Nor was 913 behind his companion.

"How would you find the right person in the right place," asked the teacher of No. 913, "in the business portion of the city, if there was any doubt?"

"I would consult the nearest directory."

"How would you find the right person in a hotel?"

"By going to the office and asking the clerk on duty."

"How in a store?"

"By asking the bookkeeper or floor-walker, or some clerk who was on duty."

"How in a tenement-house?"

"By inquiring of a janitor, if there was one on the first floor; if not, I would look for the party on all the floors."

"Suppose a gentleman was to deliver you his carpet-bag, with instructions to meet him at the Grand Central Depot at a certain time, what would you do?"

"I would take care of the carpet-bag, would be at the depot precisely on time, and give the gentleman his carpet-bag."

"Suppose some other party were to ask you to deliver to him the bag?"

"I would refuse."

"If the other party persisted in this demand?"

"I would call the aid of a policeman on duty, or any one of the officials."

"But suppose a party were to come to you and show you a note which he says is from the gentleman who gave you the bag, requesting you to deliver the bag to him?"

"I would refuse to give him the bag."

"But suppose the note was really from the gentleman—what would you do then?"

"Still I would refuse to give up the carpet-bag, unless the gentleman who gave me the bag had told me at first that he might send a note for the bag, and had given me a specimen of his handwriting."

"If you are sent with a letter to a lady, would you give the letter to any other person, who claimed to be a relative, etc.?"

"No, sir, unless I had been told so; otherwise, if the party was not in, I would bring the letter back."

"Do parties to whom messages are addressed ever refuse to sign the receipt?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you do then?"

"I ask them respectfully to sign, because it is one of the rules of the office, and I tell them that if I were to deliver a message without getting a receipt for it, I would be punished."

"Then, if they still refuse to sign it?"

"I would refuse to deliver the message, and would take it back to the office. No signature, no delivery."

"Suppose the party to whom a message or package is delivered cannot write?"

"Then I would see that he made his mark, and that somebody, if possible, witnessed his making it."

"If you are delayed in getting an answer, what would you do?"

"I would tell the party delaying me the rules of the office, charge according to the time tariff for my delay, get a voucher from the party who delayed me, and collect when I delivered the answer."

"If the party addressed don't live where he is addressed, what do you do?"

"If I think there may be a mistake in the exact number, I ring four door-bells each side of the house addressed, and also inquire on the opposite side of the street."

Boy No. 948 was once more catechized.

"Suppose you were sent to deliver unaddressed circulars, what would you do?"

"I would put the circulars under the front door, push them under as far as they would go, ring the bell, and then run down the steps, and do the same way with the next house."

"How would you deliver circulars at tenement-houses?"

"I would deliver them on all the floors—to all the people I met in the halls—and I would knock at every door and hand a circular to the person answering the knock."

"How would you deliver circulars in a hotel or depot?"

"I would ask permission at the desk of the clerk, or anybody in charge, to deliver the circulars."

"If permission was refused?"

"Then I would stand by the door or entrance, and distribute my circulars to parties passing in or out."

"If you ran short of circulars, would you borrow any from another messenger?"

"No, I would not. It would be against the rules. I would return to the office and ask for more."

"If you had more circulars than were needed, would you throw them away, or hand them round indiscriminately?"

"No, sir. I would bring them back to the office and account for them. There is a punishment for wasting or destroying circulars."

So there is, under what is called "malicious mischief act," and the boy knew all about that "act." In fact, the two boys evidently knew all about their business, and were looked upon by the rest of the boys in training with mingled awe and admiration.

A third boy, who was even further advanced in the mysteries of his craft than those just examined, was then asked by the teacher:

"What he would do in case he had to deliver stock certificates or certified checks to a certain broker or banker with whose precise business-address on the street he was unacquainted?"

"Why, I would run as fast as I could to one of the two regular boys on the street, and ask him where to go, and then as soon as he told me, I would go where I was told."

"Where are these regular boys on the street stationed?"

"One boy is stationed at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, the other at the corner of Wall Street and Broad."

"What is the duty of these regular boys on the street?"

"They know by being down there all the time where every banker and broker does business, and so they are able to tell all the other messengers who want to know."

This boy was also thoroughly posted about the different kinds of tickets used in the system. The red ticket for cash, the white and yellow ticket for burglar and fire-alarm, the white or subscriber's ticket, the extra ticket to non-subscribers in offices, the reporter's ticket, the green or deadhead ticket, etc.

He was also familiar with all kinds of "free service," as it is called, in which subscribers are charged nothing by the company, the remuneration being obtained from the express company, or stable or telegraph office patronized.

As soon as the boy passes his examination satisfactorily in the training-school, he is given a new number on the regular force, is furnished also a hat, a uniform, and a pair of boots, rubber overalls, etc.

A record is then opened for him on the books of the company, and whenever he violates the rules or misbehaves, his misdeeds are written in this record. A system of marks is maintained to denote his average conduct, ranging from 1 (the best) to 13 or so (bad); he is fined for misconduct (either in money or overtime), and, finally, if incorrigible, he is dismissed.

As a class, the District Telegraph messengers are model boys. Toiling ten hours a day, and earning from \$3 to \$7 a week, they manage to be very useful, support themselves, and generally help to support others. Medals are given to the best boys in the District Telegraph service.

A gold medal was awarded to William Rooney, who, by his shrewdness, caused the ultimate capture of two noted forgers. He was but sixteen years of age, but evinced qualities which would have done credit to a man of forty. A silver medal was also awarded to E. T. Donnelly for brave conduct.

It is a fact that may be mentioned in passing, that rainy days are the harvests of the District Telegraph. A wet week will increase the average receipts of the business \$500. It is also a fact that the vast majority of messages sent are for short distances and for small charges—ten and fifteen cents. When great trouble or considerable time is to be taken, people seem to prefer taking it for themselves; but "the little bothers" of life seem to be delegated in the metropolis to the District Telegraph.

On particular occasions messenger-boys can be "massed" into any particular locality. In a Wall Street panic hundreds of boys, say five from each office in the city, can be thrown into the street in five minutes by "unloading" from the office nearest Wall Street, then from the next nearest office, and so on.

Many curious uses have been found in the course of years for the messenger-boys. They are used as a species of two-legged express. On and about Thanksgiving Eve hundreds of messenger-boys are seen carrying a turkey or turkeys. On Christmas Eve they carry boxes and gifts—youth and prosaic editions of Santa Claus. On New Year's Day they are deputed to pay their patrons calls by proxy, and leave their cards at houses where they do not choose to call in person.

Messenger boys are also in demand now to escort young children, especially young girls, to school, and to escort them home again. They are even employed to watch babies and their nurses, and to notify a policeman if any stranger approaches them.

Patrolmen in the employ of the District Telegraph Company are of late years put to a peculiar use. The more gentlemanly of the force are often sent for to escort maiden ladies and elderly ladies to the opera or theatre. In these cases the men are furnished with white gloves and even dress coats, if desired and paid for. One evening recently there were eight ladies at six different theatres, including Booth's during the Kellogg opera season, whose escorts were furnished "to order." Men, as well as women, employ escorts for various purposes. Many, in fact most of the men, too, who require the services of the messengers are strangers, who wish for guides to show them the "sights."

Cases are not unknown where a messenger has been summoned and sent in search of a missing husband, who was supposed to be at one of his favorite haunts. It is related that in one instance a messenger started out with a complete list of the places in which the truant was likely to be found, and at last discovered him. But he was unable to persuade him to come home, and so reported. It is not an uncommon thing for a messenger to be sent home with an intoxicated person. In one instance of this kind, recently, a man was labeled and sent home, and when the messenger gave him up he obtained a receipt for "one drunken man."

The important application of the District Telegraph Company to the prevention of burglaries and fires can only be hinted at in the compass of this article. These departments embrace a wide-spreading system of night and day-patrols intrusted to competent men who watch and are in their turn watched, and whose movements are recorded and guarded by electric communication. An illustration of a night-patrol sending in a signal will give a general idea of the system.

A COLORADO EXPERIENCE.

ONE tempest-tossed night, weather-bound at a small hotel on the stage-route from Santa Fé, we met a fellow-traveler in whom we became greatly interested. The howling gale and elemental uproar intensified the cozy cheer of our snug little parlor. The genial warmth from the heaped-up ruddy coals in the grate and spicy exhalations steaming from an earthen mug brewing in front, out of which, from time to time, we replenished our glasses, stimulated conversation, and we were soon launched upon a stream of startling adventure.

Among others, my companion, a finely-built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which, he said "made every hair stand on tip-toe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"

"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fé, the last of June, I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guarantee of honor inscribed on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was the horseshoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver."

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interested and full of life, that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble."

"You'd like a personal description?"

"Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair that was, too—but I have not come to that yet."

"I'm sure you're aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. Marvelous tales are told of the robbers. I suspect the mountain-passes of the Apennines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of stages has become so much of a fact that the express company will take no more risks, and specie and treasure have to be taken East by private parties."

"As a Government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fé. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom, improvised in my valise by gumming strong wrapping-paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag."

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities, and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us 'she expected to return a madame, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her fiancé was a lieutenant, stationed now in the Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear of wedding bells.'"

"I would like to be a little richer," she added, with a sigh, "but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be not in gold!"

"How much of a dot have you?" said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily. 'Are you a bandit in disguise?' then added, 'the fruits of my industry amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold!'"

"You haven't it with you?" he inquired, so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"Come, you are accounted shrewd, just try and find out! I will answer all relevant questioning."

"He blushed and stammered an apology,

and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and behind rocks, and was fastening them on her hat and mantle. A scarlet creeper ran round the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"Oh, that suits me, I must have it," she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in the excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"How, now, what will you do?" I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks, even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with its airy grace of blooms."

"Oh, my friends! can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you to my dying day!"

"No mother, appealing for a lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horseshoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook on to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"Don't fear miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something an' get yer hat!"

"The driver, stretched at full length, with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught in the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who, with exhilarating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men most profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box and telling us to 'pile in.'"

"Once inside, she said:

"As you are all my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—quilted in—and no man, not even a highwayman, would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now would they?"

"We, of course, praised her ingenuity."

"A good thousand, is it?" said the merchant.

"The very sum," she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the most formidable passes, driving briskly towards the Canadian fork. The full moon lightened our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horseshoer. Inside they were dozing, but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the dreary hour by storytelling. Suddenly, I saw something moving in the shadow of the road on beyond us."

"What is that?" I said.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon."

"Nothing but a burro!" referring to the pack-mules that frequently strayed down the mountain-side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouched sombreros and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the bridle of leaders; the other, covering us with his rifle, shouted:

"Don't stir, or you are dead men!"

"Advancing closer, and keeping us within the range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"Pitch out the treasure-box, quick! We are in a hurry!"

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague-stroke, but I hushed him with a whispered:

"Stop, stop! let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard to-night!"

I said this coolly, at the same time swaying my body to and fro, backwards and forwards, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous, as well as very near.

As I intended he should, he took me for an express-messenger, and, as neither driver nor messenger are supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested.

"None of your nonsense!" replied the bandit. "Hand out the treasure, or you'll see trouble."

"The man at the reins evidently enjoyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squeaked in a high, falsetto voice:

"Do them bar's look big?"

"Yes," I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners. "Yes, I can read all the advertisements on the wadding!"

"He chuckled a rough chuckle. "Come, come, leave out that specie-box, shouted the man holding the rifle."

"I insisted there was none."

"Here, look at the way-bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items," and I made a move to get down, holding it in my hand.

"Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you on the spot!"

"I threw him the way-bill. He dropped his rifle and picked it up, perusing the items in the moonlight. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portmanteau into my boot, and moved my hand round to get at the pocket. The driver misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"Have you got one? The man at the reins noticed the conferring, and halted at us. The other instantly raised his gun:

"None of that! Hands up!"

"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way-bill. I did manage, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot. "You see there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can get up and look in the box and satisfy yourself."

"He hesitated but a moment, and then jumped up and looked in the box; in doing so he kicked my valise."

"Open this!" said he. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside; the wrapping paper deceived him."

"No," he cried, "there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the treasure-box, we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?"

"Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is the horse-shoer, going to Denver to shoe the company's horses."

"We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir, on your peril. We may find the money on them, or in the baggage."

"I felt terribly for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body."

"It was evident they were sleeping. The man rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun, he ordered them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row. 'Hands up!' he said. 'Now for your pockets!'"

The horse-shoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portemonnaie showed but a five, and the young lady's nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was sure, looked as if she would swoon."

"You're a mean crowd, to have so little with you," said he, "and I've a mind to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have, so we'll go for your baggage." This was uttered with infinite disgust."

"The merchant then spoke. 'You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you will ask this young lady for her hat, and carefully rip out the lining, you will find something worth your pains.'"

"The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes, and uttered but the one word: 'Traitor!'"

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks."

"In luck, in luck!" said the highwayman. "Jump in, all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on!"

"I want the way-bill!" I said excitedly, for the scene we had just witnessed had increased my indignation to a fever-heat."

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horse's feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up, mounted the wheel, and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said: 'But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board! Come this way next time without it, and we'll finish your accounts. Drive on!'"

"We gladly followed this advice, but could not find language vigorous enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his cool equanimity of temper."

"Arriving at Denver, he begged very earnestly of the young lady, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments for explanation, in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young girl yielded a reluctant consent."

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked strangely."

"Don't fear," he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair, he pulled off his boot, and, from the toe, pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said he, 'A few days before leaving, I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make restitution. Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers—handing her that amount—your lining was a Godsend to me; if they had searched me further they would have secured twenty instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and precious stones, which, if they had secured, would have beggared me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest-lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but "walls have ears," and why should I trust the others with my secrets?'"

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of specie I, too, had assumed."

"I need not tell you, that the lady's tears were transmuted into rare smiles, and she was sent to her home rejoicing."

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the fray, so resolved are they that neither shall "collar" the other that, before arriving at the allotted trotting-ground, they burst into contest, to the imminent danger of the lives and limbs of the owners of less ambitious teams going "easy four miles" in the same direction. To prevent a practice so fraught with peril, mounted police are stationed at, or near, the boundary line, whose duty it is to see that no racing takes place until the Rubicon is passed. Our illustration represents an officer in frantic pursuit of a couple of delinquents who have broken bounds. Don't he wish he may catch them?"

THE "BLACK CROOK" AT NIBLO'S.

AN Arabian Nights' Entertainment—an ensemble of gorgeous coloring, outwining in sheen and splendor the glow of an Arctic sunset! A *mise en scène* worthy of the Chatelet. Costumes only to be seen in Fairyland; a dream of fair women; a vision of handsome men; music, now breathing "upon a bank of violets," now *chic*, and full of that wild abandon which Jacques Offenbach loves so well; dancing, from the dreamy motions of waltzes, to the mad whirl of La Vie Parisienne, with ballets recalling the glories of Lotier and Taglioni—in a word, a spectacle such as an artist alone could conceive, such as only a bullion-laden speculator would dare to produce. Of such is the "Black Crook," whose revival is nightly drawing thousands to Niblo's Garden. To the Kraljy Brothers is due the triumph of producing the "Black Crook" in a manner worthy of Paris, Vienna or Naples. The vast resources of this splendid theatre have been taxed to their uttermost limits, and from the Stalactite Cave to the grand Ballet of Demons, every detail is as complete as the mounting of a comedy at the Français. From the rising of the curtain to its fall the eye is voluptuously banqueted upon glorious combinations of color. Scene follows scene, tableau follows tableau, and ballet follows ballet in bewildering succession, each outshining its predecessor in *bizarre* or gorgeous effect. The Palace of Lace is a triumph of art; the Illuminated Terrace another superb *ensemble*; while the Demon Combat and the Grand March of Amazons, 160 people being on the stage in the one scene, extract rapturous expressions of approval. The ballets are exquisitely put on, that of All Nations being charmingly conceived with regard to general effect. Such dancing as that of Mesdemoiselles de Rosa and Paglieri is seldom to be witnessed outside of Vienna or Naples. Their "steps are of light," their "home is the air," and above all, they possess that graceful elegance of movement, the veritable poetry of motion.

To place the "Black Crook" upon the stage at Niblo's has cost the Kraljy Brothers the sum of \$55,000, but as they are well aware that the public will pay for the best of everything, they have wisely resolved upon providing the best. Their *menu* is so rich, so delicate, and so varied, as to suit the most exhausted palate, while high art exhausts itself in wondrous and harmonious conceptions. A synopsis of the scenes and incidents in the "Black Crook" will afford but a meagre idea of the strength of the piece. In the first act we have the village, with its village festive dance and its bright chorus; a pass in the Hartz Mountains; the laboratory of the Crook; a wild path in the terrible Brocken, with its cascade of real water; a demon fight; a walking skeleton—a marvel of mechanism; the incantation scene and a grand tableau infernale. In the second act, in addition to other scenes, appears the Grotto of Stalacta, reminding one of the mysterious halls in the now celebrated Luray Cave. The great Demon Ballet, the music by Jacques Offenbach, is thoroughly Dantesque, and may be thus technically described: 1. Entrée Diabolique, by ladies of the ballet. 2. Entrée Diabolique, by coryphées. 3. Les Salamandres, by danseuses secondas. 4. Grand Entrée by the premières danseuses absolutes. 5. Grand Adagio. 6. Entrée Brillante, by coryphées. 7. Variations d'Art, by the premières. 8. Finale Ensemble Infernale, by the entire corps de ballet. The third act opens with the Palace of Lace, designed and modeled by Fromont of Paris. In connection with the superb tableau of a bridal festival we have dancers, equilibristas, acrobats and minstrels. And then the Ballet of All Nations designed by the Messrs. Kraljy, consisting of Tartar, Italian and Austrian corps de ballet, with a Normandy, a British and South American dance, L'Amérique, by Mademoiselle de Rosa. In the grand finale, China, Japan and all nations are represented, while the ballet is enlivened by the performance of the Japanese combination in their eccentric pantomimical movements. One of the most attractive features of the entertainment, if not the most attractive, is the grand staircase of the Illuminated Terrace, designed by Irma Kraljy, and painted by Mery. Anything to surpass the *mise en scène* it is scarcely possible to conceive, while the grand Manœuvre d'Amazon, by 120 ladies of the ballet, forms a fitting picture to so superb a frame. This scene we have selected for illustration, but its color-glories can only be realized by a visit to the theatre. The grand transformation concludes one of the most magnificent spectacles that has ever been presented to any public. In a few weeks an entire change of ballet takes place, with some other alterations, so that those who would enjoy a story from the "Arabian Nights," as told by the Brothers Kraljy, should lose no time in visiting Niblo's Garden.

The Equine Population of the Globe.

A RECENT number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* contains information regarding the number of horses in the world. This is estimated at about 58,000,000, of which number the contingent of Russia is about 21,750,000; that of the United States, 9,504,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Germany, 3,352,000; Canada, 2,264,000; Great Britain, 2,255,000; Hungary, 2,179,000; Austria, 1,367,000; Turkey, 1,100,000; France, nearly 3,000,000, etc.

What Slipper-throwing Means.

THE ancient custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride as she leaves her home is still in many places believed to bring luck to the happy couple. But it may be questioned, whether the old shoe was thrown for luck only. It is stated in Holy Writ that "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of rejecting or resigning it." The latter is evinced in Deuteronomy, twenty-fifth chapter, where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by losing his shoe from off his foot. And in Ruth we are told that "it was the custom in Israel concerning changing, that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbor." Hence the throwing of a shoe after a bride was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Emperor of Germany has confirmed the election of Sir G. B. Airy as a foreign member of the Berlin Academy.

A Petroleum Spring, one boring of which has yielded 2,000 kilos in twenty-four hours, has been discovered at Pobar, in Austrian Poland.

Professor Edward Morse, of Tokio, announces that he has discovered undoubted evidences of the practice of cannibalism among the early inhabitants of Japan. These evidences he describes in a paper read at the Biological Society of the Tokio Dai Gaku.

Dr. Michelo Macay, the eminent Russian naturalist and New Guinea explorer, has been trying to rouse the Linnean Society of New South Wales and the scientific public of Sydney to the necessity of founding a zoological station, similar to that of Naples.

Russian Astronomers seem determined to outstrip their confrères in other countries in the matter of telescopes; we are informed that funds have been subscribed for the construction, for Pulkowa Observatory, of a refractor of thirty-two inches aperture.

In the Present Year the eighteen centuries will be complete which have elapsed since Pompeii, Herculaneum, and some neighboring cities were destroyed by a rain of ashes and torrents of lava from Mount Vesuvius. The directors of the excavations at Pompeii intend to commemorate the event in a scientific manner in November next, and have issued invitations to the most eminent Italian archaeologists to participate in the celebration.

It is stated in an Italian newspaper that the Duke of Genoa will shortly go on an exploring expedition, and will sail from Venice in the *Vittore Pisani*. The programme of the route is to be Port Said, Suez, Aden, Ceylon and Singapore, where a longer sojourn will be made. Afterwards the traveler will proceed to the Chinese and Japanese coasts; in 1880 he will visit Australia and direct his special attention to the exploration of New Guinea.

Chemical Treatment of Hemp.—Lefebure's method of removing the extractive and gummy matters from hemp and flax does away with rot-steeping, which is so noxious in flax-growing districts. The outer coating is removed by a machine. The flax is then subjected to a bath of soda, which dissolves the gum in a few hours without injury to the fibre. Flax or hemp thus treated is finer, stronger and more regular than that made from the same raw material by the putrefaction plan.

M. Ferry, the French Minister of Public Instruction, has presented a project for the reorganization of the Superior Council of Universities. According to the proposals of the minister, which are sure to be adopted by the Assembly, the bishops and other religious members are to be excluded, and the Council exclusively composed of persons belonging to the teaching profession. Moreover, it is proposed that all degrees be henceforth granted by the State, and only to those who have taken the curriculum of a recognized university.

A Scheme is on Foot to collect all the articles of value which the bed of the Tiber is supposed to contain. The golden candlesticks taken from the Temple of Jerusalem, and the gold and silver cups and ornaments which once decorated the palaces of Roman emperors, are imagined to lie beneath the Tiber's yellow mud. By means of drags it is thought all this buried wealth may be recovered and restored to form a national museum of extraordinary value. A committee of distinguished archaeologists has been appointed to consider the best means of fishing up the legendary statues, coins, and other articles which for centuries have been covered by the sands of the Tiber.

The Swiss Meteorological Stations have adopted a system of weather warnings. All the territory of Switzerland will be divided for that purpose into eight regions, each of which will have its central station. The information on the state of weather in Europe, received at these stations, will be graphically represented on maps, and these maps will be exhibited between four and five p. m. at a central point of the town, under glass for public use. Besides there will be given a prognostic of weather for the following day; and this information will be sent to each commune and person who will pay monthly the sum of fifteen francs. This system is already introduced in Zurich and Berne, and the prognostics are correct in eight cases out of ten.

During Last Year the following journeys were made by Russian explorers in Central Asia: Generals Stolyetoff and Razgonoff were accompanied during their mission to Kabul by several topographers and explorers; M. Oshanin has made explorations in Korategin and Hissar; M. Mateeff in Badakhshan and Eastern Afghanistan; M. Grodekoff in Western Afghanistan and Herat; M. Bykoff has explored the Amu-darya River from Kobadian to Khiva; M. Yavarsky has traversed for the fourth time the region between Tashkend and Kabul; M. Mayeff has visited for the second time the hilly track between Karshi, Kelif (on Amu-darya), Kobadian and Hissar; and, finally, the steamer *Samarcan* has navigated the Amu from Petro-Alexandrovsk to Khodja-Sale.

A Remedy for Diphtheria.—An English surgeon, writing to the London Times, says that, having seen sulphur recommended in cases of diphtheria, he tried the remedy and found it to be remarkably efficacious. He mixed as much sulphur as he could with glycerine to a creamy consistence and directed that each child attacked should swallow slowly, according to age, a teaspoonful or more of the liquid three or four times a day; also that a little should be applied to the nostrils with a sponge. He states that he never lost a case when the remedy was used at the earliest stage of the infection. For infants he used the milk of sulphur and for older children and adults the stronger flowers of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill.

The Manufacture of Grape Sugar Syrup.—Mr. S. H. Johnson, of London, digests the grain (rice, corn, etc.) in two per cent. muriatic acid, and then, in order to remove nitrogenous and bitter principles, washes thoroughly until there is no longer an acid reaction. The residue is again treated with one or two per cent. acid, the strength of the acid, the temperature and the time, being dependent upon the nature of the grain. The grain saturated with acid is digested under three to five atmospheres in steam in a bronze or enameled vessel, and thus converted into glucose, which with rice only requires five to fifteen minutes. The syrup thus obtained has none of the bitter taste peculiar to the glucose obtained in the usual way. It is neutralized and condensed in vacuo the same as ordinary glucose.

Prizes to Manufacturers.—The French Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures has offered the following prizes for the year 1879. An award of 2,000 francs will be made to any one who succeeds in manufacturing sulphuric acid free of arsenic from pyrites; one of 4,000 francs for the discovery of methods of furnishing useful organic substances such as quinine, cane sugar, etc., by chemical transformations. The manufacturer who shall discover a means of making cast-iron or steel possessing special useful properties by the incorporation of a foreign metal, will receive 3,000 francs. Two prizes, one of 2,000 francs and one of 1,000 francs, are reserved for the industrial manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid; one of 1,000 francs for an economical motive power for small workshops; lastly 2,000 francs for improvements in photography.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ADELINA PATTI is said to be worth \$3,000,000.

A MONUMENT to Calhoun is to be erected in Charleston, S. C.

EX-CONGRESSMAN KEIGHTLEY, of Michigan, has been nominated for Third Auditor of the Treasury.

THE Regents of the New York State University have conferred the degree of LL. D. on Thurlow Weed.

THE 136th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday was celebrated at Charlottesville, Va., April 14th, by a large procession.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER has taken the oath of office as Superintendent of the Census, and entered upon the preliminary work of the office.

MR. MARK TWAIN is busy writing a book in the Paris studio left to him by his friend Mr. Millet. This book, it is said, will be completed in about three months.

THE Bey of Tunis has opened an Arabic printing office, and the editor of the *Raid el Tunis*, the only newspaper printed in Tunis, has been made director of it.

THE little Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, youngest child of the Czarowitz, has at four months old an allowance of \$16,000 for his table and a household of fifteen persons.

REV. DR. DURYEA, late of Brooklyn, will receive a salary of \$3,000 as pastor of the Boston church by which he was recently called, with the privilege of two months' vacation.

THE London Queen says that during the visit of Lord Lorne and his wife to New York in May they will reside in twelve rooms at the Windsor Hotel specially decorated for their reception.

DR. L. COLIN, of Val de Grace, France, has received the prize of \$2,000, awarded to him by the medical faculty of Paris for his investigation regarding typhoid fever and pulmonary complaints.

CONGRESS has passed a joint resolution authorizing the printing of a portrait of the late Professor Joseph Henry, to accompany the memorial volume heretofore ordered, and appropriating five hundred dollars to defray the cost.

DR. ISAAC HAYS, editor of the *American Journal of Medical Science*, died in Philadelphia, April 13th aged eighty-three years. He had been the editor of the same journal for fifty-one years and was an author of several standard medical text-books.

THE death is announced of Dr. Lawrence Edmonstone, of Unst, the most northern of the Shetland Isles. The deceased gentleman, who was in his eighty-fourth year, did good work as a naturalist, and contributed a number of papers to the Wernerian Society. He also wrote a "History of Shetland."

PRINCE BISMARCK has a decidedly princely appetite. On one occasion, when he was recovering from an attack of indisposition, the Chancellor made part of his dinner on beer, champagne, turtle soup, boar's head and raspberry jelly. He can easily dispose of a dozen hard-boiled eggs at a sitting.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, who a short time ago was expelled the Russian Army for marrying the daughter of the Policemaster at Orenburg against the wishes of the Emperor, has left the latter place for Central Asia. It is understood that occupation is to be found for him in surveying the proposed railway route from the Sea of Aral to Tashkend.

GENERAL GRANT had a taste of elephant-riding while in India. Mrs. Grant preferred to travel in a sedan-chair. The elephant ridden by one of the General's party had been sixty years in the royal stables. It is not long since there died at Calcutta the elephant which carried Warren Hastings, when Governor-General of India—a century ago.

MISS MOBLER, of Chicago, one of the graduates of the Women's Hospital College, has been successful in winning, by competitive examination, a place as assistant physician to the County Insane Asylum. This is the first competitive success of a lady in securing a hospital position in this country where doctors of both sexes have met in competition.

QUEEN OLGA of Greece has been appointed by the Czar *chef* of the second *equipage* of the Baltic fleet, and she congratulates herself on commanding a detachment "so famous in the annals of Greece." The second *equipage* took a leading part in the battle of Navarino; and since its reorganization in 1863 has been under the honorary command of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, recently deceased.

SENATOR BRUCE, who has been appointed chairman of a special Senate committee to investigate the affairs of the defunct Freedmen's Bank, announces that he will begin his labors as soon as Congress adjourns, and will not stop till he finds out what has become of the missing millions. Thousands of defrauded colored men will naturally desire to see Senator Bruce make good his promises.

At the centennial celebration of the City of Lexington, Ky., the other day, the venerable General Leslie Coombs appeared upon the stage. He referred to his extreme youth, and, supported by his huge walking-stick, six feet long, he spoke the well-known piece beginning:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,"

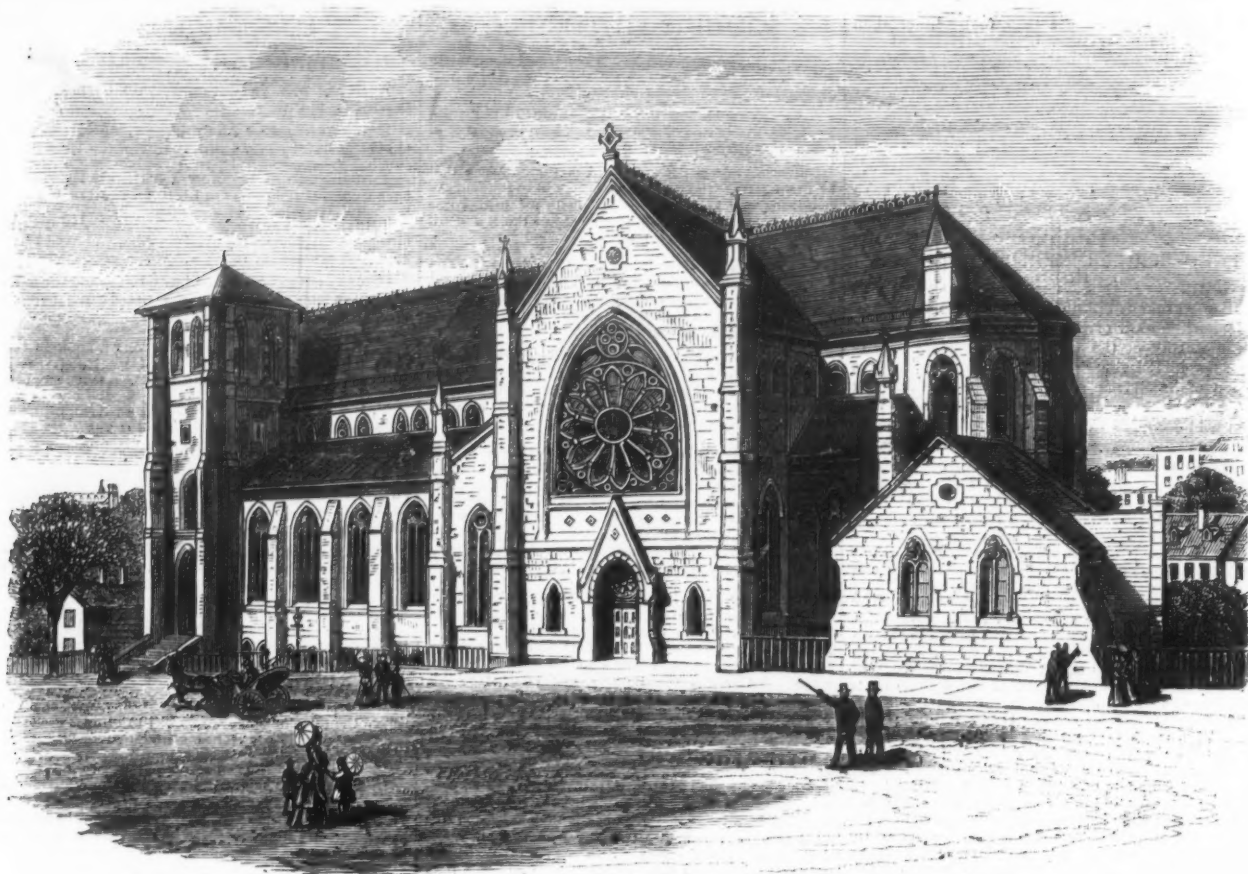
amid roars of laughter.

THE Academy of Sciences in session at Washington, last week, elected Professor W. B. Rogers, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor Henry. The other officers are: Professor O. C. Marsh, Vice-President; Professor J. H. G. Coffin, Home Secretary; Professor F. A. Barnard, Foreign Secretary; Mr. Fairman Rogers, Treasurer, and Professors Baird, Agassiz, Gibbs, Newcomb, Hall and General Meigs, the council.

ON the morning of April 14th, while the Emperor of Russia was taking his customary walk near the palace in St. Petersburg, a respectably dressed man, named Solowjef, wearing a military cap with a cockade, fired four shots at his Majesty's person, none of which, however, took effect. The assassin was promptly captured, but soon became insensible, having, it is supposed, taken poison. No papers were found upon him. Throughout the following night all suspected houses were searched. The previous week the revolutionary committees issued a proclamation threatening the life of the Emperor and a second St. Bartholomew. The great throng of people which had assembled enthusiastically cheered and congratulated the Emperor, who thanked them for their proofs of fidelity on such a painful occasion. He said he knew he had the support of all respectable people. He hoped God would grant that he might complete his task, which consists in promoting the welfare of Russia. The Emperor, after the foregoing speech, drove to the palace without escort. Afterwards he drove, still without escort, to the Kasan Cathedral to return thanks for the preservation of his life.

FAST DRIVING ON A FASHIONABLE AVENUE.

ON the afternoon of a fine Sunday in the Spring or in the Fall, the sidewalks of the Boulevards are crowded by gaping sightseers. What do they come to see? Why are necks craned as at a racecourse? Why are excited exclamations heard upon all sides? New Yorkers of sporting proclivities turn out to have a look at the teams—and such teams! Horses, thoroughbred as Bucephalus, fleet as the wind, with coats of satin, and limbs delicate as those of the gazelle; the vehicles with wheels of gossamer, and bodies consisting chiefly of a cushion, or a shell. Characters well-known in the horse world—and is it not growing apocryphal?—come dashing to the front, and, as at the Olympian games, each puts his couriers to the uttermost limits of their mettle in a fierce spurt on the few hundred yards allotted to fast driving. Here Greek meets Greek; here comes the tug of war. But it often happens that when Greek meets Greek, so eager are both for



MASSACHUSETTS.—CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, LOWELL.

A WONDERFUL POST-OFFICE.

ONE of the conspicuous marvels of Leadville, the new mining centre of Colorado, is the post-office. No matter at what hour it may be visited, the visitor will find a line of men at each of the four delivery-windows, closely wedged and reaching out upon and turning up and down the sidewalk, each eager to reach his turn at the window to get news from home. It generally takes about two hours to get to the window. The post-master is a very courteous, upright and pleasant gentleman; although there is a great deal of trouble and disarrangement about the mail, no one can attach any blame to him or any of his force. In fact,

the business of the office has increased so rapidly that it has overwhelmed him. Six months ago two men transacted the business of the office with ease; three months ago it only required three men working during daylight to do all the work; but

now it requires ten men working eighteen hours per day to distribute and deliver the mail, and the mail from necessity lies over one day undistributed. There are from three to four thousand letters sent daily, while there are about six thousand received

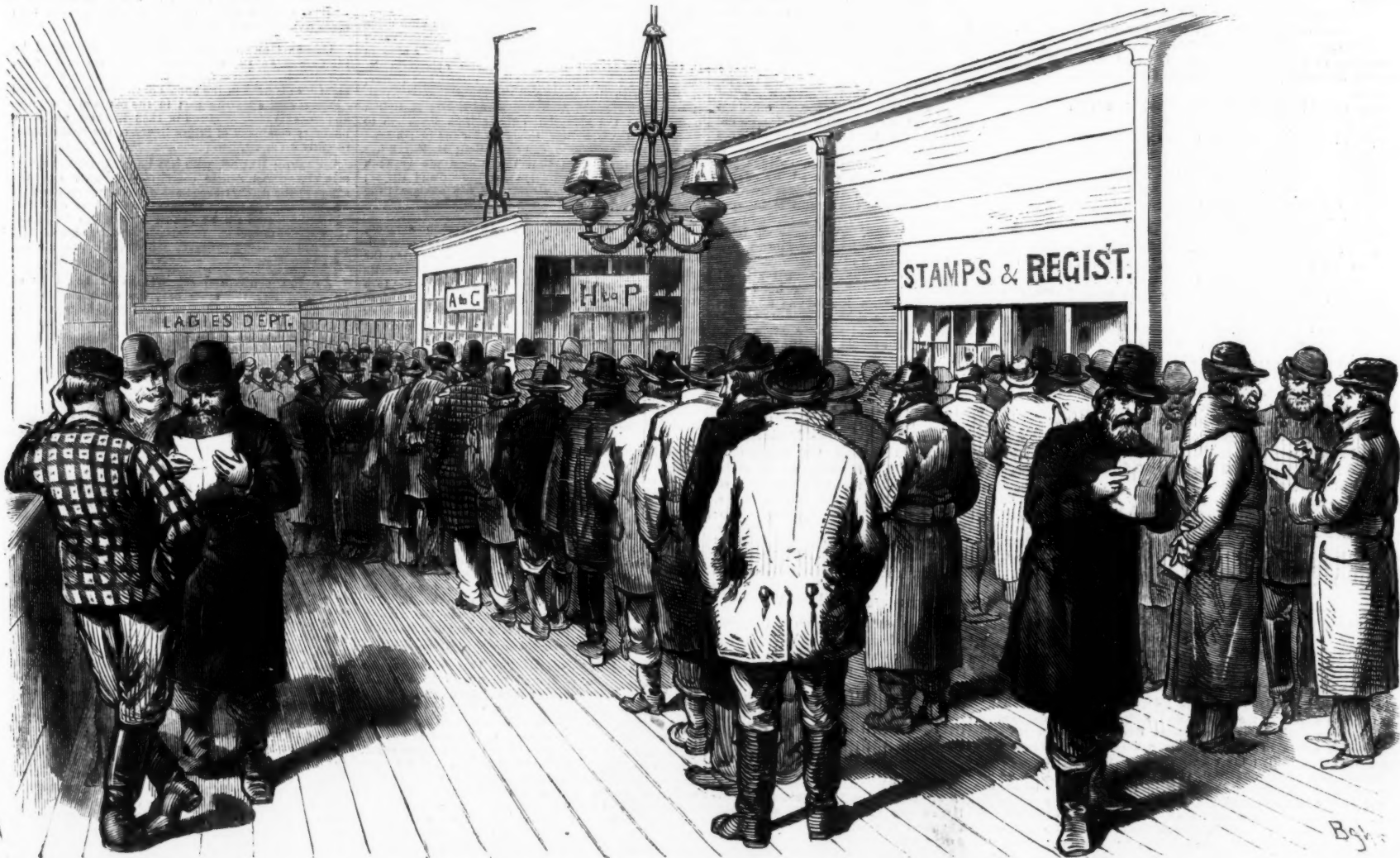


MINERS, EN ROUTE TO LEADVILLE, CAMPING OUT AT NIGHT.



A TESTIMONIAL VASE TO D. DRAKE SMITH.

and distributed. Besides the regular paper mail sent out, there are about one thousand transient papers mailed daily at this office. Eight thousand people are waited upon at the general delivery daily; eleven tie-sacks of papers



COLORADO.—THE WONDERFUL POST-OFFICE IN THE NEW MINING CITY OF LEADVILLE.—FROM SKETCHES BY E. JUMP.

and packages are received daily. In addition to this work at the windows of the general delivery, there are in use one thousand six hundred private boxes, with a demand for one thousand more. The money-order department runs from \$1,200 to \$2,400 daily. All of this business is done in a house 26x100 feet, and in an office that rates as fourth-class, and by a postmaster whose salary, including allowance for clerk-hire, only amounts to about \$3,000. The salary will not pay the expenses of the office for three months, yet he carries it on with his private means, and, withal, is not sour or crispy, but affable and pleasant. He certainly is one among a thousand, and deserves great honor. We give an illustration of this remarkable office, and another of a company of Leadville emigrants putting up for the night.

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL.

WE give on the opposite page an illustration of a handsome vase, presented on the evening of March 19th, by the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company, to Mr. Daniel Drake Smith, who for some forty-one years has been connected with the business of marine insurance in this city. Mr. Smith was born in New York, and began a mercantile education by entering in 1831, at an early age, as a clerk in the counting-room of a firm extensively engaged in the importation of French and other European drygoods. The great fire in 1835, which swept away the larger part of the then business portion of the city, followed by a period of speculation and inflation resulting in the financial crash of 1837, brought down, with hundreds of others, the mercantile house in which he was employed, and in January, 1838, he was transferred to the office of the old Atlantic Insurance Company, succeeded in 1842 by the present Mutual Company of that name, of which Mr. Smith subsequently became the secretary. In 1852 he organized the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company, and was elected its President, which office he continued to hold until he declined a re-election in February, 1879. Mr. Smith was also, for several years, Vice-President and President of the Board of Underwriters of New York.

The elegant dinner given in his honor at Delmonico's, on the 19th of March, preceded by the presentation of the testimonial, was a graceful compliment paid to him by his associates and friends on his retirement from office, and must have been as pleasing to him as to those who participated in it. Commerce, banking, insurance, the law and the press were ably represented among the assembled guests. The presentation was made by E. L. Hedden, Esq., on behalf of the committee, and interesting speeches were delivered by S. D. Babcock, President Chamber of Commerce; Geo. S. Coe, President American Exchange Bank; Joseph H. Choate, Esq.; C. Dennis, Vice-President Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.; Isaac H. Bailey, Esq., General Horace Porter, David M. Stone, editor *Journal of Commerce*, and others.

The presentation piece is a Roman amphora in bronze, and of the most beautiful proportion and embellishment. It stands about four feet in height, and is sixteen inches in its widest diameter. The most striking part of the decoration is that which encircles the upper part of the body. It represents an Autumnal procession in honor of a successful harvest. Here are the joyous husbandmen, the *amphoras* of wine, the baskets and vehicles laden with fruit and grain; beneath this is a border composed of one endless line of water-fowl and olive sprays; below this again is a wider border composed in a miscellaneous manner of musical instruments, symbols of



COMMANDER A. P. COOKE, U. S. N., IN CHARGE OF THE "GENERAL WERDER," OF THE WOODRUFF EXPEDITION.

plenty, fruit, the olive and the laurel—in fact, everything of a joyous nature. The handles are graceful, terminating in rams' heads. The ornamentation of the whole vase is as beautiful and refined as it can well be. It stands upon a rosewood base about three feet high, with a top of red marble, and has two borders of bronze matching the color of the vase—the upper one being a severely conventional

representation of fire, and the other the well-known classical water border. These have reference to the marine and fire elements of insurance. On the base there is also a suspended shield with the following inscription: "Presented by the Commercial Mutual Insurance Company to Daniel Drake Smith, President, 1852 to 1879. Ability and Fidelity." The vase was furnished by Tiffany & Co.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS edifice, the largest of its kind in New England, except the Cathedral in Boston, was dedicated June 10th, 1877, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston, assisted by Bishops O'Reilly of Springfield and De Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., besides a large number of prominent clergymen from all parts of New England.

Six years were occupied with the construction of the building. The chief material is black granite, the style of architecture early English gothic, and the whole edifice cruciform in construction. The basement of the structure, which is reached by a wide and lengthy stairway, will seat nearly two thousand persons, and is used chiefly for Sunday-school purposes and miscellaneous church meetings.

The entrance to the church proper is by an easy, wide and short flight of stone steps at the southerly end of the building. Two large double doorways open into the spacious vestibule, and there are three entrances to the auditorium from the vestibule, under the gallery. There is a double doorway leading directly to the auditorium, in the east transept, but it is the purpose not to use it except as a means of egress. Two winding stairways lead from the vestibule to the choir and organ gallery. All the doors swing outward.

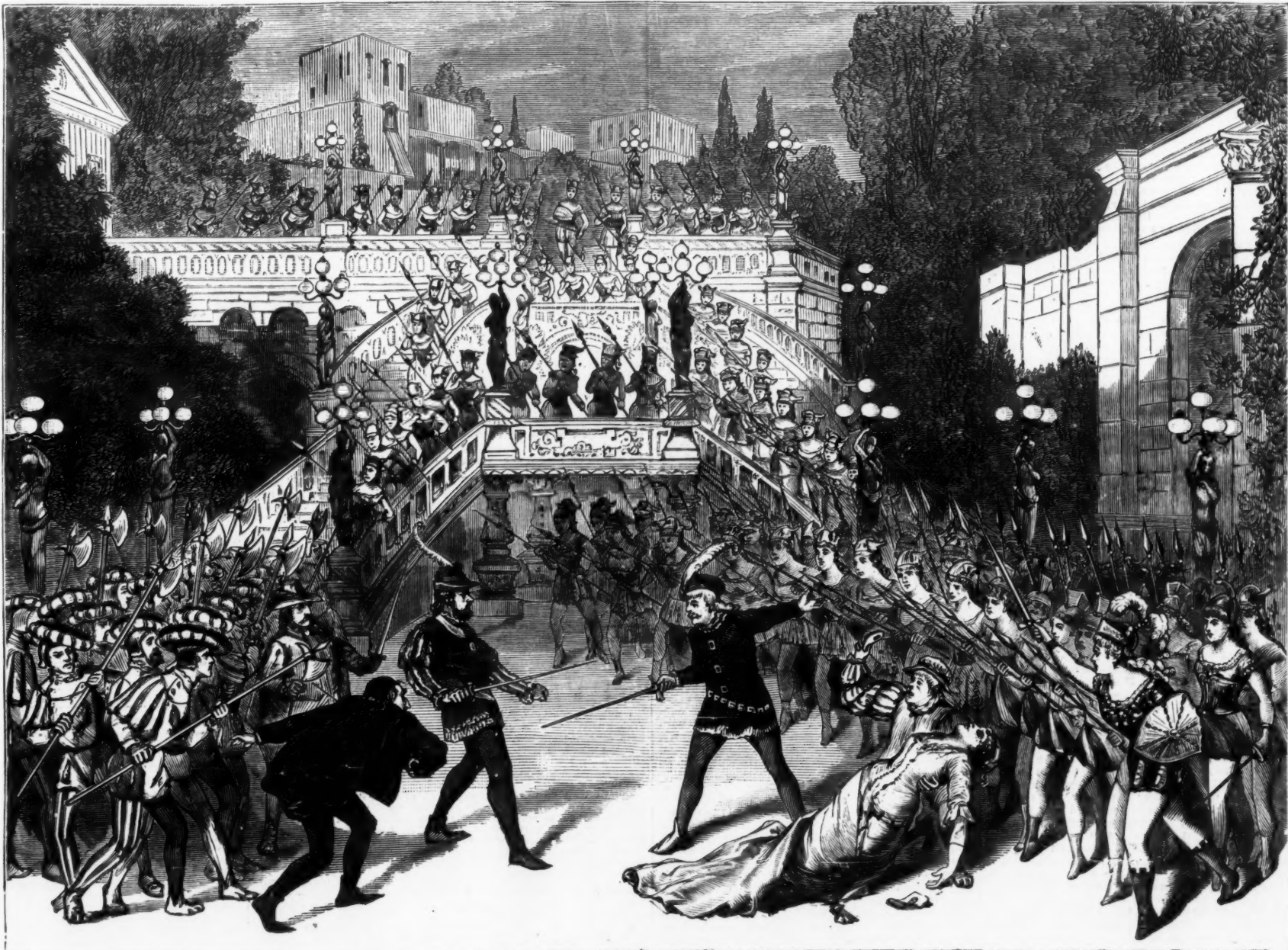
The auditorium commands the admiration of the visitor, affording, as it does, one of the most attractive views of massive architectural design and brilliant conception to be seen in the country. Its length is 192 feet, breadth in the transept 109 feet, in the nave 96 feet, and the height from floor to ceiling is 70 feet. It has three aisles running lengthwise, and contains 322 pews of six seats each—a seating capacity of 1,932 persons, aside from the large choir gallery.

The grand altar is most elaborately and attractively finished in marble, and was erected at a great expense. The varieties of marble used in it are Bardiglio, Riotte, Sicilian, Belgian black, Irish black, Italian statuary and American fossil. It has eighteen feet frontage at the base, has a table three and a half feet wide and is eighteen feet high. The altar rail is of cherry, tastily carved, and extending along the entire altar front. The floor of the sanctuary is covered with a rich carpet. The chancel is located in an apse, in which is the high altar.

The organ is, next to that in Music Hall, Boston, the largest in New England.

COMMANDER A. P. COOKE, U. S. N.

COMMANDER COOKE, who has been detailed to the command of the iron steamship *General Werder*, which is to convey the Woodruff Scientific School on the expedition around the world, is a native of New York State, from which he was appointed to the Navy, May 27th, 1852. He was at the Naval Academy from 1852 to 1856, and on graduation served two years on the steam-frigate *Wabash*, of the home squadron. In 1859 he was promoted to Master, and in 1861 received his commission as Lieutenant, and was ordered to the steam-sloop *San Jacinto*. He was on the steam-gunboat *Pricola*, of the Western Gulf Squadron, 1862-3, during which period he was commissioned as Lieutenant-commander. In 1864 he was in command of the steamer *Estrella*, of the Western Gulf Squadron. At the close of the war he was sent to the Naval Academy, which he left in 1867.



NEW YORK CITY.—KIRALFY BROTHERS' GRAND SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF THE "BLACK CROOK" AT NIBLO'S GARDEN—FINAL TABLEAU OF THE THIRD ACT.—SEE PAGE 139.

for service on the steam-frigate *Franklin*, the flagship of the European Squadron, whence, in 1868, he was transferred to the steam-sloop *Ticonderoga*, of the European Squadron, returning to the Naval Academy in 1869. He was recently in command of the steam-sloop *Sutata*, in which he made an eventful cruise of over 60,000 miles. At the time of his appointment to the command of the *General Werder* he was in charge of the receiving-ship *Wabash*, at Philadelphia.

THE SUMNER STATUE.

THE statue of Charles Sumner, made by Ball, the sculptor, and erected near the Boylan Street Mall, in the public garden of Boston, was unveiled by Governor Rice on December 24th last, in the presence of some 3,000 persons. The work, which represents the famous Senator in his characteristic attitude while delivering a speech, faces to the north, and stands nine and a half feet high on a square pedestal of Quincy granite twelve feet high. J. Barbe D'Orne, of Paris, cast the statue, and the entire work cost the memorial committee \$13,984.79, leaving a balance of \$2,291 in their hands from the subscriptions.

FUN.

THE early burr catcheth the small boy's hair.

WHEN a youth is punished in the old-fashioned lap fashion, he can be easily seen through. Because he is Texas.

A TEXAS jury arose after the evidence was in, and requested that the case go to them without "any lawyers' speeches," and it did.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

APPALLING PROSPECT. — First Subaltern reads: "Lord Fostecue recommends athletics to increase the physical strength and activity of the officers." Second Subaltern: "What! Athletics in addition to all our brain work! Good heavens! What is the service coming to?"

A COLORED child had a fall from a second-story window the other day, and his mother, in relating the incident at a grocery store, said: "Dere dat child was a-coming down feet fast, wid every chance of being killed, when de Lawd He turned him over, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

Mr. — comes to be the victim of an accident, and as they are placing him on a stretcher to carry him up-stairs from the back, he summons the servant-girl, an honest young peasant, and tells her: "Hurry up-stairs and let my wife know about this accident to me, but don't give her a shock—put on a cheerful face while you are telling her." The faithful domestic discharges her mission with enthusiasm, and remarks in a husky voice, "My master sent me—ho! ho! he—to tell you that—ha! ha! ha! he—had—ho! ho! ho! he—had—(there, I've burst my stay-laces) he had—it was too funny, and I've laughed till my sides are sore—he had broken his leg—ho! ho!" (Rolls over upon the carpet in ecstasies of laughter.)

A LUCKY TRIO OF PRINTERS.

THEY WIN \$5,000 APIECE IN THE APRIL DRAWING OF THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

(New York World, April 11th, 1879.)

THE Louisiana State Lottery wheel of fortune has again smiled upon New York. It will not be forgotten that Judge Zachariah Voorhies, of Brooklyn, won only last December \$50,000 in the semi-annual grand distribution, and now three humble printers have been paid \$15,000 for ticket No. 65,923, which they held in common, and which drew one-half of the capital prize in Class D of the regular monthly drawing, held on April 8th at New Orleans. The names of the fortunate winners are John B. Jackson, publisher of the *Good Templars' Gem* (the official organ of the new Templar Order in this city); William J. Heaney and Patrick J. O'Brien. They all three work in the job-printing office of Macgowan & Slipper, 30 Beekman Street, of which Jackson is foreman and O'Brien has charge of the Spanish copy.

Mr. Macgowan was beaming with smiles yesterday afternoon when the *World* reporter called to verify the stroke of fortune that had befallen his three faithful employees. In the midst of the busy hum of printing presses Mr. Macgowan explained that next to securing the prize himself he could not have wished it to have been bestowed upon more deserving men. He spoke very highly of the character of the three men. Foreman Jackson was a strict temperance man, had been in his employ going on nine years, and earned a good salary. Heaney was employed on general work at \$17 per week and O'Brien earned \$16. He had given the men a half-holiday and they had left the office at nine yesterday morning. Mr. Macgowan referred the reporter to the men themselves to obtain a full account of their interesting experience.

Mr. John B. Jackson lives at No. 302 Rivington Street, where he occupies the two lower floors. He is about twenty-nine years of age and has been a hard-working as well as thrifty man for the past ten years. In 1873 he married and by dint of economy had already accumulated about \$4,000. When the *World* reporter saw him comfortably ensconced in his neat little front parlor, with his eldest little girl playing on the hearth-rug with a box of sugar-plums which papa had bought for her, he had already calmed down from the excitement of the day. With a submissive nod of acquiescence from his amiable wife, he gave the following graphic account of how it all came about: "It was quite a novel thing for me," he began, "to buy a lottery ticket. O'Brien had made several investments before, but neither I nor Heaney had thought much about such things until we read the *World's* story of 'Uncle Bob's' \$30,000 prize. The whole thing started from my friend Heaney being given to practical joking. 'You see, O'Brien, I regret to say, is not the steady man I have seen in a printing-office. He required excitement all the time to keep him at work. We first tried one thing and then another. He was first coaxed to believe that we would get up an athletic entertainment in his behalf; then again it was suggested that the *Scientific American* was about to print its entire edition in Spanish and that O'Brien would undoubtedly be chosen compositor-in-chief. By these innocent subterfuges we succeeded in keeping O'Brien at his post. The last dodge of giving a grand amateur dramatic entertainment and selecting O'Brien to play the principal part in 'The Stranger,' was too much for him. He became very excited, and when a friend imprudently informed him that it was all a joke we had to resort to the lottery proposition on the supposition that it was a favorite investment of O'Brien. It acted like a charm. We agreed to club together \$2 and Heaney was to select the tickets. Heaney and I each paid

67 cents and O'Brien 66 cents towards the pool. This odd cent was a sore point with O'Brien, and even up to the last moment he was afraid we were going to claim a larger proportion of the winnings. Well, to cut the story short, Heaney went up to the office of B. Frank Moore & Sons, the agency of the company, at No. 319 Broadway. He boldly stepped up to the window and, placing his \$2 on the counter, asked for two half tickets in the next drawing. This was two weeks before the drawing was advertised to take place. One of the clerks handed Heaney an assorted package of tickets. Heaney turned his back, and pulling one from the centre and selecting the topmost one of all, folded them up in his pocket and returned to the printing-office. It was agreed that I should be holder of the precious property. Heaney and I never thought any more about it, and O'Brien appeared greatly pacified."

"Did not the tickets burn in your pocket when you learned the result of the drawing by telegraph in the morning papers, on Wednesday, April 9th?" asked the reporter.

"No, not at all. I was sitting quietly at breakfast when my brother-in-law, who also held a ticket, asked me what our numbers were. I told him, and he immediately gasped out, 'Why, 65,923 has drawn the capital prize. Good luck to you, John.' I could scarcely believe my senses, but when I went down to the office that morning my partners, Heaney and O'Brien both knew of their good fortune. The former was dazed, and O'Brien, who was 'setting up' an ordinary commercial circular, took three hours to complete his task when it ought only to have taken one. Later in the day we all got leave of absence and went up to see Mr. B. Frank Moore, at 319 Broadway, to confirm the news and inquire as to the best way to cash our ticket. Mr. Moore acknowledged that we had drawn one-half of the capital prize and straightway took us down to the National Park Bank and introduced us to its cashier, Mr. E. K. Wright. That gentleman gave us a receipt for the ticket in our joint names, and promised to forward the ticket to New Orleans for collection and notify us when the money arrived. We received the notification late Tuesday afternoon, after banking hours, and only went this morning to get our money. We again elicited the services of Mr. Moore to identify us at the bank."

The visit to the National Park Bank is best told in the language of Mr. Moore whom the *World* reporter saw earlier in the afternoon: "The three men called upon me at eleven o'clock, as previously arranged, accompanied by Mrs. O'Brien, a sprightly little woman thirty years of age, and a native of Washington. We stormed the bank in a body and were ushered into a private room by Cashier Wright. The latter said he had received the money all right from New Orleans without deduction, and asked how the \$15,000 should be paid. I asked him to draw a check for that amount less the bank's commission of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. (\$75) to the order of the three owners of the ticket No. 65,923. As soon as the check was made out, Jackson, Heaney and O'Brien wrote their names on the back and I certified to the indorsements. The paying teller divided the \$14,925 into three separate amounts. Jackson was given \$4,975 in nine \$500 bills and the remainder in smaller denominations. Heaney received also \$4,975 in four \$1,000 bills and small notes. O'Brien was persuaded to have the bank grant a certificate of deposit in his wife's name for \$4,875, and the remainder, \$100, was handed him in cash, as he was desirous of entertaining some of his friends in honor of the auspicious occasion. He kindly ceded \$50 to Mrs. O'Brien, who left her certificate of deposit for \$4,875 in the care of her landlord, an officer of the Shoe and Leather Bank, so that it would be out of harm's way. I have obtained regular certificates from all three gentlemen that they were paid the \$15,000 in full without any deduction."

There is always some curiosity as to how a fortunate winner of a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery disposes of his winnings. The *World* reporter asked Mr. Jackson, who fully confirmed Mr. Moore's version of the manner in which the money was paid, and said: "Heaney and I had agreed to act in concert and deposit the bulk of our winnings in several savings banks. We accordingly jumped upon the Metropolitan Elevated road and rode up to the Union Dime Savings Bank where we each deposited \$500 in our individual name. We visited the following banks in succession on our way down town, where we each made the same amount of deposits: At the Dry Dock Savings Bank, \$500; Bleeker Street Savings Bank, \$1,000; East River Bank, \$300; Emigrants, \$500; Seaman's \$1,000, and \$500 at the Bowery in our own names and \$500 in the names of our wives, Mrs. Anna Heaney and Mrs. Clara Jackson. This made a total of \$4,800, and the remaining \$175 we retained in cash to buy certain little necessities and add to the comfort of our homes."

Mrs. Jackson asked the reporter if he did not think she had a very dutiful husband, and he replied in the affirmative. Little Miss Clara was still keeping tight hold of her bon-bon box as the reporter patted her on the head and, reiterating his personal congratulations to the happy Jackson family as a whole, went over to 49 Sheriff Street to see Mr. William J. Heaney. The latter was puffing away at a well-seasoned meerschaum pipe and was in high glee. He is forty-four years old, but looks ten years younger. A bright, blue-eyed little girl was nursing her favorite doll in a diminutive rocking-chair, while her younger sister, a laughing brunette, played a game of marbles at her side. Mr. Heaney spoke of his good fortune without reserve, and said he was determined to make good use of his winnings. He said the interest would enable him to add to the comforts of his home, and that was all that he had to live for. Mr. Heaney showed the reporter his eight pass-books, seven in his own name and one in that of his wife, amounting in all to \$4,800. He said he should be obliged to take an interest in the next monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery on May 13th, because his friends had begged him to join a pool and instructed him to buy the tickets under the impression that he might again prove fortunate. Mr. Heaney related the old saying that "lightning never struck twice in the same place" with some sarcasm, and remarked that if he did not win something back in the next drawing he should rest on his laurels with perfect satisfaction. At that moment Mrs. Heaney, with a flaxen-haired one-year-old babe, entered the room and joined with her husband in expressing their gratitude to Mr. Moore, who, in behalf of the company, had showed so much courtesy in obtaining the money so promptly for them.

Mr. Patrick J. O'Brien, the fortunate holder of one-third interest in the half-ticket No. 65,923, lives with his wife and five children at No. 1 Pike Street. The \$4,975 which he received will perhaps be of greater benefit to him than his associates, as his home has not been always dotted with a silver cloud. Mrs. O'Brien said she would make every effort to retain the money for a rainy day and would not touch her certificate of deposit for \$4,875 unless absolutely required. She hoped that her husband would return to his work at Macgowan & Slipper's without delay. Jackson and Heaney promised to be at their posts at 7:30 this morning sharp, and said last night that they would not fail to be on time.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

MANY hundred thousand dollars are annually expended by ladies for "artificial" appliances to hide the shrunken and wasted form, or the fallow skin, blotches, or liver spots, which are due to female weakness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, and constipation. If a small per cent. of this sum were invested in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, ladies would soon really be what they now seem to be. It readily corrects those weaknesses and diseases upon which debility and emaciation depend. It cures dyspepsia by toning up the system, and when used in connection with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, speedily overcomes all irregularities of the liver and bowels. No "bloom of youth," no "beautifier of the complexion," can impart such permanent beauty of face and form as Dr. Pierce's health-giving Favorite Prescription.

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If what is claimed for this new treatment for chronic diseases be true—and it challenges the closest investigation—then has suffering humanity reached a happy era. Drs. Starkey and Palen, of 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, have published a small treatise, which is sent free to any one who will write for it, in which they give a history of this new agent, the mode and scientific basis of its action, and a detailed account of the results which have followed its administration during the past ten years. These results are of so remarkable a character in many instances as to have created much surprise where they occurred; and their authentication is so clear that none but the most incredulous who examine the testimony can doubt. Taking the character of the cases presented, many of them of long standing and regarded as incurable, no such a series of brilliant results as are given in this little book can be found recorded in medical literature. Among the names of patients who have been treated, and whose unqualified testimonials are presented, will be found men well known to the public, and whose word cannot fail to inspire the largest confidence. This new treatment is by simple inhalation. All of its effects are said to be gentle, pervading and pleasant. As it cures by giving a larger supply of oxygen to the system, thus acting as a revitalizer, its operations are general. Consumption, neuralgia, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, rheumatism and all chronic forms of nervous and organic diseases alike yield, it is said, to its influence, because its action is upon the vital centres, and the result a new influx of life into the whole body. Claims like these certainly demand public attention. If a new element of healing has been discovered the fact cannot for the sake of suffering humanity be too widely made known.

GIGANTIC OFFERS.

YOUR attention is called to the mammoth new advertisement of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, in this week's paper. Mr. Beatty's celebrated Pianos and Organs are so well known throughout the civilized world that they require no word of commendation from us. Lowest prices, superior workmanship and complete satisfaction have brought this house prominently forward until today he stands the only man in his trade who dares to ship his instruments on test trial, and if unsatisfactory refunds not only the price, but all freight paid. No fairer offer can ever be made or even suggested. His sales now amount annually to several millions of dollars, and when it is taken into consideration that a few years ago he was only a poor plow-boy, it must be evident to every reader that Mr. Beatty is the possessor of rare talent in his vocation. A saving of 5 per cent. can be made when two instruments are ordered at the same time, therefore talk over among your friends and neighbors these unparalleled offers on the celebrated Beatty Pianos and Organs, and try to secure for yourself this special discount.

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